

A MAGAZINE FOR LOVERS  
OF GOOD READING

# THE *Liguorian*

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## Amongst Ourselves

Perhaps one of the yardsticks by which the popularity of a magazine can be best judged is its quotability—as evidenced when people use it to back up arguments with their friends or when other publications make reprints of its material. According to this yardstick, *THE LIGUORIAN* (you guessed we were coming to this) can be rated pretty highly. About people using it to back up arguments we don't have much evidence, of course, but of its popularity for reprints there is ample witness. The *Catholic Digest* has culled from it scores of times; many diocesan papers have for years been using it as a regular source (often without credit); in England, Ireland and Australia periodicals copy from it, and even a foreign language journal or two has translated *LIGUORIAN* articles or stories for its own columns. Just recently a Ukrainian publication wrote for permission to use *LIGUORIAN* articles once in a while.

Along the same lines is the popularity of the pamphlets that have been made out of *LIGUORIAN* material, and the demand for new pamphlets from old material. "Don't Worry!", a ten-cent pamphlet made up of a series of articles first published in *THE LIGUORIAN* some years ago, is in its fifth

printing and going strong. "Examen for Laymen," a thorough examination of conscience for lay people, first published in 12 issues of *THE LIGUORIAN*, has now in pamphlet form reached a fourth printing and sales have not slackened. "Blessings in Illness," one of the most recent *LIGUORIAN* pamphlets, made up of a selection of the regular "Thoughts for the Shut-In," has already gone through two printings. So it goes. Furthermore there are constant requests for pamphlets made up of such features of *THE LIGUORIAN* as "Tests of Character," "For Wives and Husbands Only," "Catholic Anecdotes," "Father Tim Casey," etc. Some people write in as if they just take it for granted that all these *LIGUORIAN* features must be available in pamphlet form. A few have even written asking to buy published volumes of the poetry and verse that have appeared in *THE LIGUORIAN*. It is demands like these that make for enthusiastic editors and business managers.

During the month of May the Catholic Press Association will hold its convention in the city of Boston. Let Catholic readers say a prayer that it will be a successful meeting, advancing the cause of Catholic publishing and reading in every way.

### **The Liguorian**

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**Liguorian**  
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*Devoted to the Unchangeable Principles of Truth, Justice, Democracy and Religion,  
and to All That Brings Happiness to Human Beings*

## Accent on Motherhood

"How to be a good mother—in one short lesson," might be the sub-title of this article. For young mothers mainly, though fathers might look it over too.

*D. F. Miller*

TWO factors have combined, in recent months, to focus national attention on motherhood. The first is the fact that the birth-rate in the United States has soared during the past year, higher than it has been in decades. This means that there are many new mothers in the land. The second factor is this: that, side by side with the rise in the birth-rate, there has also been a frightening rise in juvenile delinquency, both on the high school and grade school levels. This means that there are many bad, or at least inefficient mothers in the land.

The reason why many mothers, who start out on the glorious career of motherhood with the best of intentions, turn out to be bad or inefficient mothers, is that they do not realize that they need training for the job of motherhood. They rely entirely on instinct, not knowing that though there are instincts in human beings, and surely in mothers, these instincts are not sufficient to provide adequately for all the needs of a child. Human beings were given a reason and a free will, and most of the important actions of their lives must spring from these two powers in the

form of acquired virtues. Instincts only provide a bit of help and encouragement to reason and free will. Sometimes, indeed, there are stronger instincts in favor of neglect of duty than in favor of fidelity.

A fairly complete outline of the kind of character a mother should strive to bring to her task can be drawn up by showing in what specific ways the four cardinal virtues apply to mothers. It will easily be seen that bad mothers or inefficient mothers are mothers who are lacking in one or more of these basic virtues. Good mothers, successful mothers, therefore happy mothers, are they who enter upon the career of motherhood with a determination to continue throughout life to try to practice these virtues with greater and greater understanding and fidelity.

### *Maternal Prudence*

Prudence in general is the virtue whereby a person is capable of conforming all his actions to the moral law, and therefore of doing nothing without making it serve his ultimate goal in life, viz., happiness with God in heaven. The genuine virtue of pru-

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dence must not be confused with the kind of prudence sometimes attributed to worldly or sinful people, who "know their way around," who never make mistakes in money matters, or who are even very clever at negotiating sinful deals. The real virtue consists of knowing how to act in conformity with God's will and with one's eternal destiny.

It is obvious that the whole virtue of prudence is made up of many acquired habits. The chief ones are study, reflection, consultation with others, deliberateness of action, caution, discretion, promptness of action once a right decision is made. Lack of prudence manifests itself in the faults of lightmindedness (the habit of acting without sufficient effort to know what should be done); precipitateness or impetuosity (the habit of acting on "the spur of the moment," without deliberation); inconstancy (the habit of failing to keep good resolutions); hypocrisy, (the habit of making believe one is acting in accord with God's law, when secretly one is doing quite otherwise); worldliness (the habit of being more concerned with goods of this world than with heaven and God).

A mother who wants to be a good mother must concern herself gravely with the virtue of prudence. The principal reason for this is that she will be largely responsible, by her character and her actions and her words, for the presence or absence of prudence in the character of her child. The child must learn the first principles of prudence, i.e., of how to act rightly in all the circumstances of life, from its mother. If she doesn't know how to act rightly herself, if she is not concerned about teaching what she knows to her child, or if she

teaches, either by example or words, wrong ways of acting, then the child starts out in life under the grave handicap of a lack of fundamental prudence. A mother must therefore *study* to know what is right and wrong herself and also to know how to impress her knowledge and habits of acting on her child.

From these principles it can be seen that the following would be *imprudent* mothers:

1. Mothers who never speak to their children of God or heaven or a moral law which they must obey.

2. Mothers who never give themselves time to study up on the important religious issues: immortality, heaven and hell, and the application of the ten commandments to daily conduct.

3. Mothers who entrust their children to educators who cannot or will not teach them prudence, i.e., how to act in accordance with the moral law. One cannot be prudent who knows nothing about the moral law and its necessity for salvation.

4. Mothers whose sole concern for their children is that they will be healthy, possessed of ample material goods, socially prominent and successful in marriage and business. Such mothers lack prudence and ruin their children because they do not put heaven and the salvation of the soul at the top of the important things in life for their children.

5. Mothers who, though they try to teach prudence to their children, fail by example themselves. A mother who uses profanity, goes into tantrums of anger, lies and gossips in the presence of her children, is destroying all the lessons in prudence she may have given in words.



### Maternal Justice

Justice in general is the virtue that inclines a person always to give to others what is due to them. Social life would be impossible without the virtue of justice, with all its parts and kindred obligations, and justice cannot be rightly practiced unless human beings recognize a divine sanction upon it, remembering that without justice in this world they will not escape condemnation in the next.

Without further explanation it is clear that the virtue of justice must be spotless in a mother's own character, and one of her chief concerns for the character of her child. Indeed, one of the first and yet most difficult lessons that parents must teach their children is that of respect for the rights of others. Some children never learn this and they turn out to be, at best, spoiled and pampered bullies; at worst, thieves and racketeers.

In all its various parts and kindred virtues, a good mother must hold justice as an ideal to be kept constantly before her children. In its strictest sense, wherein it binds a person to respect the property that belongs to others, and therefore forbids stealing and all similar forms of injustice, a mother has an opportunity of impressing lessons on a child just as soon as it is old enough to associate with other children. And if she fails to impress such lessons, by punishing the slightest theft, by insisting on restitution for any theft, etc., she will be preparing candidates for the delinquency institutions of later years.

But there are many allied obligations of justice, all of which come under the heading of rendering to others what is their due. A good mother knows that her hardest battle,

in training the character of a child, will be that of overcoming the child's selfishness. Every part and form of justice in its broadest sense must therefore be utilized to make the child know that it cannot always have its own way, that wherever it turns in life it will find itself bound by obligations to others.

Thus the following virtues are all related to justice, and each one must be insisted on, in the proper time and place, with the growing child: *religion*, which is the habit of rendering to God all the duties that man owes to God, such as prayer, obedience, respect and reverence, worship, etc.; *filial piety*, which is the habit of loving, honoring and obeying mother and father and those who act in their stead; *patriotism*, which is the habit of loving one's country, obeying its laws, and helping one's fellow citizens; *gratitude*, which is the habit of showing appreciation to others for gifts and services received from them; *truthfulness*, or a horror of lying in word or in deed; *generosity*, the habit of giving of one's excess property to others less happily situated and the habit of sharing one's things with others even when not bound to do so; *friendliness*, the habit of being patient, kindly, forgiving and companionable with others. Almost every day's incidents give a good mother an opportunity of impressing the importance of all these forms and derivatives of justice on the character of a child. She is not a good mother if she misses any of them. Certainly such mothers as the following will some day have sorrow and trouble over their children:

1. Mothers who either practice themselves or condone in their children any form of stealing even in the

most minor matters. It is petty stealing in childhood that leads to taking anything one can get away with in later life.

2. Mothers whose lives manifest no recognition of duties to God. Therefore, mothers who never go to Church to worship God; mothers who never kneel down at home to say a prayer; mothers who not only do not serve God, but who profane and abuse His name. Such mothers may send their children to Church and Sunday School, but their own lack of religion will have a more powerful influence on them than the teachings of strangers.

3. Mothers who lie and even tell their children to lie for them; mothers who show disrespect and hatred for their country's civil rulers and who break its laws frequently; mothers who are mean, niggardly, unfriendly, etc., and who take their children's part when they are mean, selfish and unkind to others.

### *Maternal Fortitude*

Fortitude in general is the virtue by which a person is not deterred, by suffering or hardship or even death, from doing good. Therefore fortitude gives a person control over the passion of fear. It gives one courage to undertake difficult tasks in obedience to God or for the love of God, and gives one strength and calmness when God permits catastrophes and hardships to befall him.

This is a virtue that should be one of the most manifest adornments of mothers. Alas, nowadays it is lacking in many. It is lack of the cardinal virtue of fortitude that prevents some wives from becoming mothers, that induces them to spend a lifetime in sin by deliberately refusing mother-

hood. They are afraid of the pains of childbirth or the slight danger of death that accompanies it; they are afraid of the difficulties connected with raising children; they are unwilling to forego the pleasures and enjoyments that having a family precludes for a while.

Yet even after their children are born, some mothers are grossly lacking in fortitude. They neither exert themselves to care properly for their children, nor do they bear without complaining the difficulties connected with the proper raising of children. Examples of the first kind are they who spend very little time with their children, who leave most of the care and worry of their children to servants, who take frequent and long vacations away from their children, who deem it too much trouble to try to instruct their children, especially in religious matters, and leave that entirely to the school. Examples of the second kind are they who fly into anger at their children for little cause, who bitterly complain of the work they have to do for their children, who punish their children with undue severity and without good reason.

It is all but impossible for such mothers to train their children in the fortitude they will need throughout life. Strong, courageous, dutiful men and women are made such mostly by mothers who both give the example of courage and patience and show their children the value and the necessity of such qualities. When a child sees that a mother can suffer cheerfully for the love of God and the good of her children, and that she can make constant sacrifices in their behalf, the child wants to acquire the same strength. The child whose mother is cowardly, ill-tempered, con-

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stantly complaining, will gradually develop these same qualities. Therefore the following are bad mothers:

1. Mothers who make frequent use of the complaint to their children: "I wish you had never been born."

2. Mothers who shout at their children, sometimes with profanity and blasphemy, because they are out of sorts, or feeling depressed, or irritated by the ordinary conduct of children.

3. Mothers who permit small obstacles to prevent them from fulfilling serious obligations; for example, missing Mass on Sunday because they are tired, neglecting household duties for long periods because they prefer to amuse themselves or take it easy.

4. Mothers who are frequently getting into quarrels and angry arguments with the father of the family.

5. Mothers who are extravagant, spending money foolishly at the expense of necessities in the home, and mothers who are miserly, neglecting to procure necessities for the home because they want to amass money.

### *Maternal Temperance*

Temperance in general is the virtue by which a person rightly regulates the love of the pleasures of sense. The chief pleasures of sense are those of sex and those of eating and drinking. But temperance in a wide sense also sees to the regulation of the pleasures of social life and of amusement and recreation.

It need hardly be said that a mother who gives herself over to unchastity or drunkenness will be incapable of rightly raising children. There is always something brutalizing about these two vices, and even though it may be possible to conceal them from a child, the evil effect will be present in every effort at training. And there

is nothing more contradictory of all the idealism that the world associates with motherhood than even the infrequent occurrence of such sins as adultery and drunkenness.

Children always suffer, too, from mothers who are intemperate in seeking social amusement and recreation. Gadabout mothers, motion picture addicts as mothers, social climbing mothers, are bound to neglect their children. Even when they do give time to their children, the effect of their effort is weakened and often wasted because it is so evident that their minds are on something else.

But apart from the weakness of mothers who are intemperate in any of the many senses of the word, there are mothers whose weakness consists of not rightly training their children in the ways of temperance themselves. Under this heading come all those mothers who neglect the grave duty of giving thought, taking counsel, and rightly planning for the task of instructing their children concerning the virtue of chastity at the proper time and in the right way. Instead of that, they permit them to enter upon temptations to impurity without preparation and understanding of the means necessary to remain pure; they even connive at providing opportunities for passion to gain control. Thus do parents act who foster company keeping among the very young; who let teen age sons and daughters hold long and lonely trysts with their friends in circumstances such as almost universally promote temptation. The same is true of mothers and fathers who permit growing sons and daughters to frequent taverns, and drink intoxicants freely; they are doing all they can to make temperance difficult for their children.

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It is also a part of training in temperance to teach children the value of mortification of the senses and to inspire them to practice it. Thus parents are fostering temperance in their children when they urge them to give up some food they like during Lent, or to shorten their sleep, or to abstain from shows and amusements. Such mortifications are training in temperance; for those who make use of them chastity and sobriety will not be so hard.

The following would therefore be mothers who fail in matters of temperance:

1. Any mother addicted to sins of impurity or accustomed to overindulge in intoxicants.
2. Any mother whose interests are

so largely outside her home that she has very little time to give to her children.

3. Any mother who takes no thought about seeing to it that her children are rightly instructed in the things of sex at the proper time.

4. Any mother who callously permits her children to enter dangerous occasions of sins of the flesh, as to keep company in such a way that there will almost necessarily be violent temptations to sin.

5. Any mother who is not concerned over the danger that a teen aged son or daughter can become an alcoholic if not instructed and guarded against the danger.

6. Any mother who refuses to offer motives and opportunities of self-denial to her children.

## **Inventory**

The representative of an auction firm was sent to take an inventory of the goods in a house which was shortly to be put on the block. He set about his work conscientiously, listing the furnishings in order. Finally he came to the individual items, and his list ran something like this:

Item: One quart of Scotch whiskey, full.

Item: Two Chinese vases, value unknown.

Item: Two brass candlesticks, with candles.

Item: One quart of Scotch whiskey, partially full.

Item: One set bellows and fire tongs.

Item: One embroidered table cover.

Item: One bottle Scotch whiskey, empty.

Item: Two revolving Turkish rugs, with expanding edges.

## **Lessons for Bores (I)**

Governor Alexander Smyth of Virginia was known as a very tedious speaker. On one occasion he was delivering an interminable address in the House of Representatives, garnished with numerous quotations and long apostrophes, and, turning to Henry Clay in the course of his remarks, he said: "You, sir, speak for the present generation, but I speak for posterity."

Whereupon Clay replied in a tone of voice clearly heard throughout the hall: "Yes, and you seem determined to hold the floor until the arrival of your audience."

## **John Bull I**

The first John Bull was a musician. The use of this name to personify England arose from the fact that one John Bull, a court musician in the days of Queen Elizabeth, wrote the tune to which later were set the words of England's patriotic anthem: "God save the King."

# Made To Order Miracle

What would you say or do if someone said to you in an offhand voice: "Would you like to see a miracle?" That is what happened in this true story.

*E. F. Miller*

ONE of the difficulties that foreign service in the midst of the war placed on the chaplains (priest-chaplains) was the securing of hosts and wine for the celebration of holy Mass. In many places the churches and convents were destroyed, the priests and sisters were killed or driven away by the exigency of no longer having a rectory or a convent in which to live, and the religious stores where ordinarily such items could be purchased had gone out of business or been barred and bolted against the rummaging and looting of the victorious troops, American and otherwise.

I, as an army-priest, was in that unfortunate predicament as our unit moved on Naples, Italy, after the battle of Salerno. It was imperative that I find hosts and wine for my men, or cease saying Mass in the very near future. This latter was unthinkable, for if ever the men needed Mass, it was at that time. And were it impossible for me to oblige them, it would have been just as well for me to give up the army and retire to civilian life. Priests in this last war did not look upon themselves primarily as social workers or "morale" boosters, as many commanding officers liked to consider them, but as administrators of the sacraments and promoters of religion. Thus, if it turned out to be impossible to service the men in their religion, they went home, and permitted the Red Cross and other humanitarian organizations to promote the social graces and to boost

the "morale" of the soldiers. We felt that it was our business to boost morals before everything else, and that this was a full-time job. Right or wrong, good morals led to good morale. And that was why I was so concerned about finding hosts and wine.

Word had come to me that I might find these necessities in a certain convent that lay in the very center of the city of Naples, if I would have the patience to seek it out. The location of the building was lost in a maze of narrow, crowded, meandering streets that no amount of directions could assist one in finding. The only thing to do was to set out, and ask and ask and ask. By perseverance the place might eventually be discovered.

I succeeded in finding it, but only after several hours of riding around in a jeep, and having the jeep surrounded by innumerable curious and hungry Italians each time I stopped in order to make a new inquiry. The trouble with the Italians in giving directions is that they all want to give directions at the same time; and no two people ever agree in telling you how you should go. Besides, they accompany their rush of words with gestures of every description, so that when they finish what they want to say, you still do not know how to proceed. My driver was an American-Italian who not only knew a few words of the language of the country, but who also understood the temperament of the people; thus he could

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make out something of what they said, and by sheer shouting make it possible for us to advance.

The convent was named after St. Gregory the Armenian, and was occupied by sisters who bore the same title, and who wore a gorgeous sort of habit that had for its predominant color a brilliant red. I rang the bell, or rather, pounded on the door, for the electric power had been disrupted by the war and was still in the process of being repaired. An ancient sister responded to my pounding, and let me into the building through huge, oaken doors that were carved after the Gothic fashion and that appeared to be as old as they were beautiful. The inside of the convent was in complete contrast to the outside. Whereas the property and the buildings immediately next door to and surrounding the home of the sisters were most miserable and dirty in appearance, the interior of their home was spotless and spacious, and filled, as I was soon to learn, with masterpieces from many of the world's greatest artists. The ceilings were arched and groined, and the walls were covered either with paintings or tapestries of a most intricate design.

My surprise was so great that it was some moments before I could sufficiently collect myself to announce the purpose of my visit. The ancient sister listened to me, said something in Italian, and then disappeared into the inner reaches of the house. I sat down on a bench and waited. In 15 or more minutes she returned, and handed me a package, or rather, two packages, one of which contained a quart bottle of red wine, and the other a box, holding at least a thousand small hosts and some forty or fifty large ones. I made my thanks as well as I

could, and was about to bow my way out to my jeep which by this time must be surrounded by no less than one thousand young and old Italians, when the sister stopped me with a gesture. She asked me — at any rate, I gathered that she asked me — whether I would like to see a miracle. Such questions are not asked in America; quite definitely they are not asked in the same tone of voice with which one asks about the price of butter or the state of the weather. In just such a tone of voice, this red-clothed and wrinkled sister asked me if I would be interested in witnessing a miracle. It is no wonder that I was somewhat startled. Quickly gathering my senses, I answered politely that I would be very pleased to see a miracle, especially in view of the fact that I had never come across any miracles as yet in my life. She told me to follow her; I began to follow.

It was then that I had a good look at the house. As we walked down the broad and extremely high corridors (all with sweeping, Gothic ceilings) the sister said to me: "The picture on the wall to your left was painted by Raphael; the one on your right was done by so-and-so," and so on, till I began to wonder what kind of a place I had stumbled into. Everything was clean; everything was beautiful; everything was unique, that is, like something that I had never seen before. Our journey must have covered a good city block when we came to a stairs. Down these stairs we went, through a few passageways, along another corridor or two, until finally we stood before a door. The sister took from her belt a key about the length of a medium-sized poker, and opened the door. We were in a room, dark and a bit musty, the walls of which,



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I could see in the dim light, were lined with cases, each case having a glass front. The sister secured a candle from some hidden corner, lit it, and placed it on a table in the center of the room.

With the aid of the candle I had a better chance to make an inspection. My first surmised was correct—the room was lined with glass-faced cases; but I saw now for the first time that the cases were filled with bones. It was interesting. The sister took out one bone and said to me something like this: "This is the foot of St. John the Baptist." I do not recollect just what saints she attributed the relics to, but I do remember that she knew well which was which; and that each one went back a long, long time. After due examination and veneration, she closed up all the cases but one. Then turning to me, she said: "Now for the miracle." Going over to the open case, she brought forth what appeared to me to be a tumbler. "Look," she said. I took it and examined the contents. As well as I could make out, there seemed to be a kind of red sand, filling about a quarter of the glass, and as dry as any sand would be that had not been near water for many years. I was in complete ignorance as to what it really was.

"This," she continued, "is the blood of St. Patricia. She was a girl who lived in the fifth century, and who had the reputation of great sanctity. Well, one day she suffered an accident of some kind—what it was precisely we do not know. But she bled profusely. In view of the fact that she was known in her whole neighborhood as a girl of true holiness, some of the Christians gathered up a bit of the blood that had flowed from the wound, and preserved it in a vial. After her death

it was regarded as the relic of a saint, and people came from far and near in order to honor it. But that is not all. For the past fourteen hundred years the dried-up blood has been liquefying when prayers were said before it in honor of St. Patricia. Let us pray."

I wasn't quite so sure by now whether or not I wanted the experiment to take place. Stories had been told, which I had heard, about persons who were anxious to see miracles such as the one I was on the verge of witnessing; but nothing happened because the individuals were not as good in the practice of their faith as their appearance suggested. The lack of a miracle was presumed to be proof of their indifference, perhaps, even, of their wickedness. It was like being forced to make an open confession. How would I feel if nothing took place? What would the holy sister think and say? I feared that a moment of sharp embarrassment might ensue, even though, as I quickly ran through my conscience, I could discover nothing on my mind of a pernicious or malicious nature. Then I recalled that oftentimes miracles were worked not only for saints, but for sinners as well. Some of the cures at Lourdes were wrought on people who did not even know what was going on. Furthermore, history was clear on the point that some of the holiest people were left without miracles no matter how hard they prayed. Thus, whether the blood liquefied or not, my private life would be safe from the scrutiny of the Italian sister. However, one way or the other, it was too late to do anything about it. I was clearly committed. I stood my ground and waited, knowing full well that the little St. Patricia was giving me a thorough once-over and



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deciding what she would do in a case like mine. I was from a far land, and the people there didn't have much time for miracles.

The sister put the vial on the table, folded her hands piously in the position of prayer, and in a good, firm voice said the entire Creed in Latin. When she had finished this prayer, she intoned, "Sancta Patricia," to which I made answer, "Ora pro nobis."

Now, the miracle should have happened at that moment. We crowded close to the vial, and examined it closely. The contents were the same dry, reddish substance, without the slightest intimation of moisture or wetness. Again the sister began to pray the Creed; again she cried out, "Sancta Patricia," and again I responded, "Ora pro nobis." And again the good nun picked up the vial and inspected that which lay within. A smile came to her lips; a look of satisfaction lit up her face. She handed the vial to me. I took it, brought it near the candle on the table in order that I might examine it better, and then bent it sideways in my hand. What I saw removed all skepticism from my mind. No longer were there dry crystals in the glass, but rather a liquid substance, red and rich and ready to flow.

Quickly I returned the glass to the table, for a strange feeling had come over me. I was witnessing a miracle — the kind you read about in books. I was in the presence of a saint. I was almost moved to look over my shoulder to see if by any chance St. Patricia was there in the body to be sure that all went well, and capture my reaction at the power that she exercised over God. I said nothing. The sister put the vial back in its case, and led me from the room. She seemed to take the matter as an everyday occurrence,

for as soon as we were out in the corridor she commenced asking me about America, and discussing matters that had absolutely nothing to do with the startling event that I had just beheld. She even took me to the room of the Mother Abbess where I was given a small glass of Benedictine against the journey that I had ahead of me.

It was some days later that I was discussing my experiences with a certain colonel, who had the reputation of being a wise man. Not only was he wise, but he was a lodge member with Peter and Paul and all the rest who bear the name of Catholic. Thus, I felt that I could speak of the matter without bringing sneers to the lips of my listener. I mistook my colonel. After hearing me out, he said, "Don't be foolish. Do you know how that phenomenon was brought about? Why, it's easy. There are two explanations. The first is, the heat of your hand. Didn't you say you held the vial in your hand? There's your answer. The second is, the candle. Wasn't there a candle near the dry blood? Purely natural, anybody can see that." And so he dismissed me and my story with a shrug, insinuating that I had been taken in, and that I should be more careful the next time.

But I was not satisfied. The vial had been at least three feet away from the candle; and I had not held it in my hands longer than a few seconds at the most. The explanation that rolled off the colonel's lips so glibly did not seem plausible. Furthermore, the sister had told me that there had come to the convent some of the greatest scientists of Europe, some of whom were not Catholic. They had not furnished a clear explanation of the apparent miracle. The colonel

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could be wrong. I would seek further.

In my unit there was a Catholic doctor whose reputation for scientific knowledge was solidly established. I would ask him. Without telling him what I had witnessed in the convent, I put this question to him, "Would dry blood become fresh, flowing blood — say, my own blood, or your blood — if it were placed near a candle, or if the glass which contained it were held in a human hand for five minutes?" He looked at me for a moment as though I had taken leave of my

senses. Then he said, "Of all the silly questions, that one takes the prize. Of course, it wouldn't, anybody knows that. Whoever said it would?" With that I told him what had happened. I called it a miracle. "Could be, could be," he answered.

But I did not need anybody's word, scientist or not, to prove to me that I had seen a miracle. I believed that St. Patricia had come back to earth. It was my privilege to see her in her works.

## *No Complaints*

A lady in Virginia once engaged an old colored man, an acquaintance of her cook, to saw wood for her kitchen stove. Hearing his saw still going after dark had fallen, and wondering at so much industry, the lady went out into the yard to speak to him. As she drew near, she saw him measuring the logs with his hands, and feeling painfully for the right spot to place the saw. Immediately she told him to go to the kitchen and ask the cook for a lantern, if he wished to continue his work in the dark. The old man turned a smiling face toward her and said:

"Thank you, Missus. Don't need no lantern. De day's always shinin' fer Robert."

"How is that, Robert?" she asked.

"Well, you see, Missus," he answered, "I'se blind. But dere's always plenty of light inside. When I was a young man I found de Lord, and give myself to Him, and I ain't never had no 'casion to complain since then. De Lord's been mighty good to me."

"Do you get work enough to support yourself?" asked the Lady.

"Sometimes I has right plenty of work, and den agin I don't have none. De days I ain't got work — well —" he laughed as he said it — "I jes eats less on dem days."

## *With Reservations*

I am quite heartily in favor of motion pictures

Without too many carping and criticizing strictures.

But I have one pet peeve for which I hope I'll be pardoned:

I hate motion pictures of criminals quite thoroughly hardened

Who get soft and apparently virtuous in the presence of beauty

And end up by adding an innocent girl to the rest of their booty.

L. M. MERRILL

# Three Grades of Catholics

## *Concerning Mass*

### **GRADE A**

1. Understands the essential meaning of the Mass and how it re-enacts the sacrifice of Christ on the cross.
2. Knows how to use an English missal in attending Mass, and often does use it.
3. Never misses Mass on a Sunday or Holy Day without a very serious reason, realizing how grave a sin it is to do so.
4. Tries hard to be on time for Mass always, and never thinks of leaving before the Mass is completely finished.
5. Has trouble with distractions during Mass, but keeps trying to put them away and to concentrate on prayers.
6. Has acquired the habit of attending Mass every day, and receiving Communion every day.
7. Remembers his deceased relatives and friends by having Masses said for them, especially on anniversaries.

### **GRADE B**

1. Has very vague and hazy ideas of the essential meaning of the Mass, and could hardly define it for a non-Catholic.
2. Considers it too complicated and troublesome to try to learn anything about the ceremonies of the Mass and the use of the missal.
3. Can be induced, without too much pressure, to miss Mass on a Sunday without a good reason, e.g., for the sake of a trip, etc.
4. Is often carelessly late for Mass and is almost always on the way out of church before the priest is finished with Mass.
5. Is slothful about trying to put away distractions during Mass, and sometimes doesn't know what to do with himself.
6. Goes rarely to a weekday Mass—perhaps a few times each Lent, and in periods of trouble when he is praying hard for something.
7. After the funeral Mass of a relative or friend, never thinks to have another Mass said for the deceased.

### **GRADE C**

1. Is content to remain completely in the dark about the meaning of the Mass.
2. Does not even know that the prayers said by the priest at the altar during Mass can be found in any English translation.
3. Misses Mass frequently on days of obligation with very little reason, and thus lives almost constantly in sin.
4. "Never on time" seems to be the motto of the Grade C Catholic. Always late, always in last pew, and always quick to leave.
5. Welcomes distractions during Mass, much preferring thoughts of business, pleasure, etc., to thoughts about God.
6. Is never seen in a church on a weekday, unless it be to attend a funeral or a wedding that he cannot escape.
7. Is even opposed to having Masses said, because it means giving a stipend to a priest.

# Essay On Babies

A word picture of what is daily experienced by thousands of mothers and fathers.

*W. F. McKee*

THE joy parents find in their babies is too sublime and too pure not to be mingled with the dust of trials. Children mean trouble, fatigue, and care. But God has seen to it that because of them parents taste some of the sweetest, most refreshing, and most satisfying joys it is possible to experience in this world.

Babies multiply worries. But countless times a day these little creatures pay for their trouble a hundredfold by a motion, a tear, or just by being babies. Who can measure the charm of a blond head buried in a pillow, or of a beautiful countenance, of a small mouth that murmurs nonsense, of large eyes which can leap so quickly from awe to fear to joy and whose depths are filled with stars?

A father will twist his face like a clown by the hour or stand on his head to draw a smile from his baby and believe the reward worth the effort. A mother crows and gurgles without end to a tiny tot that does not understand and would be puzzled if it did, to make a look of love glow on its face. Just to see her baby waddle across the room or gaze intently and absorbedly at a stray shoe or a rubber ball can stamp her face with a radiant rainbow of bliss.

These charming little beings soon become encumbrances in the home which they fill with their turbulence and their toys. The universe seems to exist only for them. All rights are theirs, and angry feet stamp in rebellion if theirs and those of others are not given them. The world is servant to their beck and call, and

every member of the house an instrument of their pleasure. What a diabolic uproar they can make with their cries, arguments, anger, and complaints! They are a nightmare to the neighbors. Noise and movement are as essential to them as food. God help the furniture which they can move. Who can tell where or in what state it will be found? These tiny Titans are a constant threat to anything capable of being broken, torn, or soiled.

They wear down a mother's patience, who may plead for deliverance and relief from it all, begging that someone take the children away. . . . But not too far away and not for very long. For the home would be a corpse if their little spirits really departed; it would be so empty and so gloomy if they departed for always. For a mother, even with a splitting headache and frayed nerves, knows deep down that nothing can replace the freshness of a baby's laughter when it drops in cascades from baby lips. Any joy would be a cheap substitute for a baby's caresses, its foolish kisses, its intense games, its unimaginable inventions.

These little people fresh blown from heaven never allow themselves to be taken for granted. There is too much to them—a wisdom that goes back to Solomon, a comment or an answer worthy of Aristotle. They are as new as a jeep and as ancient as the pyramids, a fresh ever changing panorama of mysterious confidences, great little secrets whispered in the ear, incessant self-satisfied conversa-

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tion with themselves. There is drama in the campaigns of a little general with his toy tank; in the grave advice lisped to a battered doll. Songs not set to music are the airs of a little make-believe mother standing mighty in her scanty years scolding or rocking her baby brother bawling in his crib.

Though their scratches may require elaborate bandaging (more for their ego than their wound), it is ridiculously easy to play doctor to them. Mother's kiss heals a scuffed knee, soothes a burnt finger or a bruised arm. They hurt easily but heal more easily. Tears are only interludes between smiles, and a smile unwillingly often breaks through their tears as rays of the sun through the rain.

When daddy comes home from work, be he hod carrier or bank president, frowning with the storms of the day over the greed of men or the cruelty of nations, how swiftly his cares vanish when his babies rush to meet him. They fight for his first kisses; they pull at his trousers' legs or climb upon his knees and throw their arms around his neck to tell him of their little affairs. See the cunning in them too, when they overwhelm him with talk in order that mother may not have time to tell their pranks. When told a story they listen with passionate interest and great open eyes and hope it will never end.

The day's weariness often vanishes when mother and father steal to their babies' beds to be audience to the Sandman tying long eyelashes together in sleep. The sight of sleeping innocence, fresh and pink, little angels of the good God, is an experience of

loveliness which parents can never sufficiently enjoy. When they flick out the light, their "sleep in peace, my baby" is a prayer with an eternal wish in it.

These tiny ones are a gracious poem, inexhaustibly rich and varied; sometimes tender, sometimes droll, grotesque, comical, delicious, always moving; a poem which they write in gold under the eyes of the mother and father for the secret joy of their souls.

It is for mothers to tell the joy of their hearts when they join their baby's small hands and see baby lips stumble through the words of the Hail Mary or the Our Father. One mother said to her husband: "It's too beautiful, Eddie. I can't stand it." It is for a father to describe what causes him to choke up when he overhears the soft murmurs of little voices that pray the good Jesus for their daddy.

There are hard hours for parents, tough, terrible hours. In them they sometimes half wish they had no babies. But the sweet hours of innocent, unalloyed joy are too many to let such thoughts linger. In the clear blue of their babies' innocent eyes they can look all the way back to God, Himself. And looking they sometimes fear the joy that leaps in them and feel themselves tottering beneath the weight of their happiness.

Fat or thin, well formed or deformed, ugly or pretty, babies are all beautiful. No one realizes it as much as a father and a mother who have shared the power of creation and have gazed awe-stricken at the beauty of the soul flashed at them in the everyday life of a child.



# Primer on Prayer

Check yourself and see whether any of the following errors have entered your thinking or practice concerning prayer.

L. F. Hyland

THERE are few doctrines or practices of religion universally known that are yet subject to more erroneous views than that of prayer. Everybody knows what prayer is; almost everybody who possesses any religion makes use of it in one form or another, at one time or another; yet a large percentage of those who do use it are not without some of the mistaken notions about prayer.

There are ten popular erroneous concepts about prayer. They will be stated here as they are often stated and argued for by misguided persons. A word or two concerning the truth will be added to the presentation of each mistake.

1. *Prayer is useless because God already knows everything a human being needs.*

There is no connection between the fact that God already knows what human beings need and the necessity of prayer. The reason for this is that it was God Himself Who told human beings that He wanted them to pray and that by reason of their prayers they will be granted things they need. The person who has enough faith in God to believe that He knows everything, even future events, should have an equal faith in the importance of what God has said and commanded human beings to do. He said: "Ask and you shall receive." It all comes back to this, that God made men free, and despite the fact that He knows what they will do with their freedom, He still leaves it up to

that freedom to decide and determine many things. Prayer is one of the uses to which man can put his freedom, and on it, according to the will of God, many things depend.

2. *The only kind of prayer is that of petition, i.e., asking for things.*

Some people never raise their mind and heart and voice to God except when they want or need something. It is true that some authors limit their definition of prayer to words of petition, but it can be correctly said that there are many forms of prayer whose purpose is not primarily petition. In fact it is doubtful whether a prayer of petition will be of much value unless it be preceded by or accompanied with prayers of adoration (recognizing God's power and authority), of resignation (accepting God's will as always best), of reparation (expressing sorrow and atonement for one's sins), of gratitude (thanking God for the many good things already received from Him). Many people prayed much during the war, but only for the safety of their loved ones. Neither then nor now do they pray in thanksgiving, reparation, adoration and love.

3. *The only kind of prayer of petition is for material things.*

This error represents a total misconception of the purpose of life. No one can pray properly who does not accept the truth that the most important things in life are the attainment of heaven and the help and strength necessary to live the kind of



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life that will earn heaven. No material thing would be worth while if it were to interfere with or even lessen one's chances of attaining heaven. Therefore everybody who believes in God and in prayer should make a general, universal intention by which they set as the first object of every prayer of petition they ever say the necessary graces and helps to win heaven. Only when they have thus safeguarded the most important thing in life should they turn their attention to the less important, such as relief from illness, material support, success in business and love, etc.

4. *Prayer has great value, but only in a psychological way. It makes one feel better and relieves anxiety and fear.*

This is the theme of wishy-washy articles forever reappearing in secular magazines. Even agnostics, who profess no definite belief in God, often pay tribute to prayer as a psychological lift. Nothing could be sillier for intelligent people. Either prayer is what it appears to be, an appeal to God which one knows will be heard or answered in some way, or it is nothing but a mockery. If there are weak-minded people (no matter how learned) who find some comfort and support in deliberately deluding themselves that they are speaking to a definite person and asking for something from Him, while all the while they do not believe there is any such Person or that He can help them, they are to be greatly pitied.

5. *Prayer can supply for common sense, prudence and industry in carrying out one's tasks and fulfilling one's duties.*

The fallacy that one may live in sloth and neglect of duty and at the

same time make up for the evil results of such a life by spending much time in prayer is a not uncommon one. It could even be sinful to spend time in prayer if the time thus spent belonged by obligation to the duties of one's state in life. God wants no one to neglect prayer and frequent prayer, but He surely wants no one to try to make prayer substitute for necessary work. Sometimes, too, it is as necessary to study and consult in order to learn the proper way to fulfill one's tasks as it is to pray for enlightenment and success. Prayer won't make up for a man's neglect to use his head in solving the problems that confront him.

6. *Prayer can save a person from the effect of his own sinful folly.*

This fallacy appears in the conduct of anyone who deliberately places himself in a serious occasion of sin, and then thinks that by praying he can escape the consequences. There is something of the same in persons who continually and deliberately live in a habit of serious sin and yet pray daily, not for the grace to escape the habit of sin, but for the superstitious purpose of averting the harm that might come to them from their sins. We have even known crassly superstitious persons to pray for success in some sinful venture, which is a form of mocking blasphemy against God.

7. *Prayer requires a certain place, time, and attitude, and a specific formula, to be a good prayer.*

There are some people who fall into the error of believing that the value of prayer depends on some minor or accidental consideration: whether it is said kneeling, whether it is said at a certain time, whether a certain formula is used, etc. Here is



the truth: Kneeling is a good posture for prayer, nay, the best posture, but is it not essential to a good prayer. If a person cannot kneel because of rheumatism or arthritis, he should never harbor the thought that therefore he cannot say a good prayer. Furthermore, prayer should not be confined to the times when even a well person can kneel down; one should be able to pray while standing, sitting, walking, riding, etc. Again, there are especially appropriate times for prayer, such as, mornings and evenings, before and after meals, etc., but prayers said at other times are just as good. Lastly, it may be said that the formal prayers, such as the *Our Father* and the *Hail Mary*, are the most excellent of prayers; but that does not mean that they are the only formulas that can be used in prayer. Old people sometimes worry because they cannot remember the *Our Father* and the *Hail Mary*; they should be reminded that if they just say, "O God, I love you," that will be a perfect prayer for them.

8. *Prayer, to be worth while, requires a feeling of devotion and enjoyment. If there be no feeling of enjoyment in praying, one may as well not pray at all.*

This is entirely false. Feelings of devotion and enjoyment in prayer do not add to the value of prayer; indeed, they may detract from their value because they make it unnecessary for the will to exert itself to any extent. Certain it is that prayers said when the feelings are cold and unmoved and the heart empty of all attraction for prayer, are the most pleasing prayers in the sight of God because they spring entirely from the will to please God despite one's feel-

ings. God does not permit the merit or value of anything human to depend on feelings alone. He knows that feelings rise and fall, ebb and flow, wax strong and wane, sometimes according to the health, or the weather or the season. It is the will that counts, in prayer as in everything else in life.

9. *Prayer is always spoiled if distractions make the mind wander while it is being said. Prayers should be said over again if one finds that he has been distracted while saying them.*

Distractions ruin the value of prayer and are offensive to God only when they are voluntarily indulged, i.e., if one deliberately permits his mind to wander while conscious of the fact that it should be fixed on the subject matter of its prayers. Distractions that catch one unawares and remain only until one becomes conscious of them do not spoil the prayers said while they were present in the mind. Prayers of obligation that are said with unwanted distractions in the mind should not be repeated.

10. *The only kind of prayer for the lay person is vocal prayer. Mental prayer or meditation is only for priests and religious.*

It is sad that this is a common error among all classes of people. It is not true. Any lay person who wants to lead a very good life and to grow in love for God, not only can but should make use of mental prayer. Mental prayer simply means spending a period of time in silent communion with God: recognizing His presence, recalling His attributes, lessons, words and example, and asking mentally for further enlightenment on His will and further strength to put it into practice.



## Test of Character (37)

### On Meanness

*L. M. Merrill*

Meanness may be called the younger brother of cruelty. It is the habit of taking pleasure in small hurts inflicted on others. Where cruelty strikes with a bludgeon, meanness flicks stingingly with the end of a lash. It is the mean person who, released from all social restrictions and personal inhibitions, would quickly turn out to be unashamedly cruel.

Small signs and intermittent displays of meanness appear in many people. Sometimes, indeed, people are mean without realizing it; there are others who hurt their associates but who justify the meanness on some righteous grounds. Everybody should know that any hurt inflicted on a neighbor that is not obviously and objectively directed to his spiritual or material welfare, is the fruit of meanness. The following are instances of downright meanness:

1. Backbiting, i.e., telling a person how much he is disliked by a third person, or what unkind things have been said about him in his absence.
2. Criticizing some highly esteemed and cherished possession of another, or some accomplished work of which he is quite justifiably proud.
3. Using a nickname or designation to or of another person that is known to be highly offensive to him.
4. Making natural defects or bodily deformities an object of jest or ridicule. (There is no lower form of meanness than this.)
5. Laughing in the face of a person who makes mistakes in grammar and rhetoric.
6. Frightening people, who are known to be gullible, by wild tales of imminent danger or disaster.
7. Ridiculing a person's nationality, race, or religion.
8. Drawing attention repeatedly to a person's mistakes, even after they have been corrected and atoned for.
9. Perpetrating so-called practical jokes, in which somebody is humiliated, hurt, or ridiculed.

All these examples are of little things, and the hurt inflicted by them will vary according to the sensitiveness and refinement of the person involved. The important point to be remembered is that to hurt another without reason is always a sign of meanness, and meanness is the younger brother of genuine cruelty.

# Any Communism Today?

From day to day it is getting harder to tell where the limits of Communist, Stalinist influence are.

R. J. Miller

THE Sunday papers on April 7, 1946, carried the news that the "Spanish republican government in exile" had been "enlarged" to include a Communist, by name, Santiago Carillo. Moreover, the Communist puppet government of Poland had given its official recognition to the "government in exile."

When "the Spanish republican government in exile" was first formed in the autumn of 1945 in Mexico City, a number of persons who had been closely following the Spanish conflict with Moscow for a number of years gave it out as their opinion that the "government in exile" was only another Communist effort to get control of the Spanish peninsula. This charge was vigorously denied by persons connected with the government in exile. Far from being Communist, said they, the new government was anti-Communist; not a single party member was to be found among its members.

*The New Leader*, a stalwart anti-Communist publication of New York City, came out with an article to the same effect. The Communists, that is, the Stalinists, declared the article, had made strenuous efforts to get control of the government in exile; when these efforts failed, they had refused to have anything to do with it.

*The New Leader* is so vigorously anti-Communist and so alert to detect the hidden machinations of Party policy, that such a forthright statement on its part in favor of the government in exile was calculated to carry considerable weight with

fair-minded students of the situation.

The Jesuit weekly, *America*, reflected the weight of this influence in its editorial policy. Whereas on the first appearance of the government in exile, *America* had dubbed it immediately as a red front, it later retired behind a policy of noncommittal caution. Possibly a reason behind this policy was the charge made at the time that the editors of *America* were ignorant of the true political affiliations and orthodoxy of all the obscure individuals who made up the new Spanish government in exile. At any rate there were no more condemnatory editorials on that government.

Father Wilfrid Parsons, S.J., writing in the Knights of Columbus monthly *Columbia* for March, 1946, follows the same careful line, and declares that he is being guided by the article in the *New Leader* above mentioned.

Meanwhile other Catholic papers, notably *Our Sunday Visitor*, have continued an uncompromising attitude and campaign against American interference in Spain. Even some readers of *America* resented its careful policy; one distinguished reader, Monsignor William Barry of Miami Beach, cancelled his subscription with a fiery letter of protest.

And now comes the news of the admission of a Communist into the "Spanish republican government in exile," news which reopens the entire Spanish question to the truly liberal and patriotic American observer.

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Is the government in exile, he asks himself, really anti-Communist after all? Was the testimony of the *New Leader* in its favor absolutely reliable and the last word on the subject? And granting that the government in exile was non-Communist in Mexico City, has it continued to be non-Communist in Paris (whither it has migrated in recent months), and, most important of all, will or would it continue non-Communist in Madrid? Would it do as good a job of blocking Josef Stalin from the Straits of Gibraltar as General Franco has done? We are beginning to doubt whether the author of the article in the *New Leader* was himself absolutely sure of the political affiliations of all the obscure politicians who were admitted into that government. It is difficult enough to trace the influence of the Communist Party right here in the United States; how then could the *New Leader* be sure that an heterogeneous group of politicians 4000 miles away in Mexico City, where the home politics are Communistic, was free entirely from that influence?

It must also be remembered that the *New Leader*, excellent publication that it is in many ways, has hitherto been unable to shake off the influence of Communist propaganda in its nervous response to the two words "Fascist" and "Franco." There is still a marked tendency to start and tremble at every mention of these two words, without examination of the reality they are supposed to represent. Thus the *New Leader* brands Franco as "the last Fascist dictator in Europe." Editorially it has not gone so far as some of its youthful correspondents, who refer with great feeling to the "butcher Franco," the "beast Franco" — evidently full of the line being

dished out by the Communist Party, and under the impression that they are bravely thinking for themselves. Editorially, the *New Leader* is more reserved and more truly "liberal." Nevertheless, the tendency is present to take it absolutely for granted that Franco is an unmixed evil both for Spain and for the world, and to look to any change from his regime as a blessing for Spain and for the world. (The point, of course, here and for the moment is not that Franco and his regime are blessings for Spain; rather it is that the *New Leader* liberals fail to show true liberty of thought when they refuse to consider the possibility of Franco's not being a curse for Spain.)

This fixed attitude of hostility to Franco renders the *New Leader* definitely inclined to welcome any group which offers to supplant him in the name of democracy, and, one might suspect, inclined also to overlook the weaknesses and possible tendencies towards Communism of some of the members of the group. The fact that the government in exile has now taken on a Communist would seem to indicate that this is true. But even supposing that the Paris government in exile is still anti-Communist, and supposing it were to be given power in Madrid, would it be able to keep Stalin from taking over in Spain, and would it be able to keep him from getting control of the Straits of Gibraltar? This is an important question. If Stalin controlled the Straits of Gibraltar he could bid defiance to any other world power that might be interested in the activities of any of the Mediterranean countries; he could control the Dardanelles; he could rule southwestern as well as southeastern Europe. There is no com-

# On Judging the Nations

Why it is silly to lump all the people of other nations together in contempt or condemnation.

*E. F. Miller*

EUROPE is a meaty topic of conversation these days; and true though it is that most people on the west side of the Atlantic ocean have their origin and found their blood (at least through their parents or grandparents) in one of the fatherlands on the east side of the same ocean, many of them have little good to say about their cradle or the tenders of their crib. All Europeans are boxed up in the same crate; and the name of the crate is condemnation.

Such judgments of a continent and all the component parts of a continent are bird's-eye in their proportions. Small minds see small visions. Small people look on everything as small except themselves. The reason why everything they see is small is because themselves is all they see; and that covers the horizon.

Europe at the moment is a mess, a monumental mess of misery and confusion. The misery has affected bodies and the confusion has affected minds. Memories of cruel leaders, of sadistic citizens, of unjust aggression, of concentration camps, of national arrogance, of duplicity and double dealing — these have given the people of all countries outside Europe a feeling of nauseating disgust. And in their disgust they proscribe, not only the countries wherein these abominations took place, but *all* the subjects of these countries. They say that never were they any good; never will they be any good. They forget that charity as preached by Christ is universal in its sweep and orbit. They do not seem

to realize that the facts of the case oftentimes belie their generalizations and accusations.

The position held by this journal is that not all countries east of the Azores are subnormal. An example at hand is Italy.

Those who were in Italy during the past few years may say what they will about the Italians — how dirty their villages, how obsequious their citizens, how miserable their armies as military machines; but the fact remains that in spite of all their faults and foibles, their puny wars and volatile allegiance, they are possessed of gifts and virtues that are not a part of the national character of many other nations. The removal of a few layers of prejudice would enable anyone with a mind to see that this is true.

A country that can scatter such gorgeous churches (almost all the size of an American cathedral and much more beautifully built) over the face of the land so that even the tiniest village can boast of a building as astounding as the Acropolis or the Parthenon, has something in the way of genius that should give pause to the American snob who thinks that only America has ever produced, or can produce, anything worth-while.

Some Americans cannot release from their imagination the picture of those innumerable shiny tanks that were conceived of war in Detroit and Pittsburgh, those thousands upon thousands of speedy airplanes that were given to Russia and the British,

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and those legions in number of automobiles that for so many people are a substitute for home; and so, through some complex process of thinking, they adduce that a tank is a finer creation than a cathedral. And since America can produce more tanks than cathedrals America is a more richly endowed country than one that can produce more cathedrals than tanks.

A thousand books have been written about St. Peter's church in Rome; but one has to see this unbelievable masterpiece to understand what it is really like. There are some who say that they do not like it. Perhaps it is due to the fact (in a subconscious way, of course) that they do not like what it stands for. Perhaps they are so accustomed to the sterile, barren, barn-like atrocities that pass for American churches that they cannot take in so much beauty in a short visit and retain their sense of values as to what is wonderful and what is ugly. They are like the diabetic who suddenly has sugar shot into his veins. He cannot take it.

If you were to take the Polo Grounds and throw a roof over it, you would have some idea of the size of St. Peter's; but you would have no idea of the splendor as well as the exquisite workmanship that make up the roof, together with the whole exterior and interior, of St. Peter's. Imagine, if you can, seizing the dome that graces our national Capitol in Washington, enlarging it considerably, adorning it with priceless marble and precious mosaics, and then placing it on that roof you propose putting over the Polo Grounds; imagine setting it on walls that stretch, it would appear, about a half mile above the ground, and then beholding that it covers only a por-

tion of the roof that must inclose the whole building. Furthermore, imagine the walls that support your dome made of material that is worth a score of fortunes, and decorated with the paintings and the sculptures of the world's greatest artists. Only thus can you have a shadowy idea of the magnificence and vastness of St. Peter's.

The first Christmas of the late World War on which the Americans occupied Rome, in 1944, the Pope decreed that he himself would celebrate the midnight Mass in the central church of Christendom. Since the year 800, when Charlemagne was crowned emperor in St. Peter's on Christmas day, no memorable midnight Mass had been celebrated on the birthday of Our Lord in the great church. The traditional service was always held in St. Mary Major (another extraordinarily beautiful and spacious church), where a relic of the crib was preserved. But this year an exception was to be made. It is not known whether the Pope made his decision because of his happiness over the liberation of the holy city, or because of the presence of American troops in the neighborhood of the Vatican. The fact remains that an ancient precedent was to be broken.

Crowds began to assemble as early as 9 p.m. along the Via della Conciliazione, which street was illuminated for the first time in six years. The doors of the cathedral were opened at 10 p.m., and long before the Mass was to begin, every crevice and corner of the vast structure was filled. About 70,000 people found place within the walls of the church that night. The number seems unbelievable; but so it was.

French, Polish, Brazilian, American,



and British soldiers, who but a short time before had been in the lines, as well as civilians from many other lands, were present for the services. Some effort was made to place the different nationalities in a section of their own, so that each group could sing the ancient, Christmas carols in the vernacular of their country. It was something that could occur only in St. Peter's—several choirs singing at the same time, in different tongues, indeed, in different melodies, yet disturbing nobody because of the size of the church which swallowed up the voices of the many choirs as they would be swallowed up were they to be used in song in Yankee Stadium or in Soldiers' Field in Chicago. It was like the League of Nations, for almost every nation was represented; but it was different in this, that here was the only kind of League of Nations that could ever be the foundation for peace. St. Peter's that night was far more than the buildings in Geneva had ever been since first they had been allocated to the high and mighty task of preventing wars amongst nations.

This example is given merely to prove that the Italians are not such numbskulls, in spite of the utter foolishness and abysmal stupidity of their recent history, as some people would make them out to be. St. Peter's used no outside talent in rising from Nero's ancient burial place, where lay the body of the first Apostle. No foreign architects had to be imported to draw the ambitious plan for a building that was to be larger than any the world had ever seen, or contractor hired in order to see to it that the work was done according to the specifications of the architects. Home talent erected a building that no

country in the world has been able to equal or surpass, even though that same home talent came off second best in the building of tanks and automobiles.

But St. Peter's Basilica is only one of a hundred and more other temples erected to the honor and glory of God that dot and glorify the land.

Much has been said in our school history books about the ancient city of Pompeii. It was upon this city that the rushing, red-hot lava of Mount Vesuvius descended in the early days of the Christian era, and buried it to the depth of fifteen or twenty feet. For many years the town remained buried, for lava has a tendency to solidify like stone, and only persevering effort together with powerful machinery can succeed in dislodging it from its place once it has been allowed to cool and settle.

Eventually the archeologists (no longer Roman, but now Italian) gathered funds, machinery and knowledge enough to begin the work of uncovering the buried city that once had been the glory of the ancient, pre-Christian, Roman empire. What was uncovered was interesting from an historical point of view. New ideas were gained on how the older people had lived—on how they had played and prayed, on the style of their houses and the structure of their streets, on the food they ate and the methods they employed in gaining a livelihood. But from a religious point of view the relics showed a low degree of morality amongst the supposedly great people who lived in the glorious days of the Caesars. In fact the sight was shocking to all men of culture and decency. The Italians were shocked. But their being shocked did not paralyse them into the sterile



inactivity of merely talking about the immorality of the pagans without doing anything about it. They justly judged that perhaps God's anger had urged on the fires of Vesuvius' volcano to cast burning stone upon the sinful city. Perhaps God's anger was not yet fully appeased. They would do what they could to placate His justice. And so the plans were drawn for the church now known as the church of Our Lady of Pompeii.

Note well. This church is not an ancient church. Some critics from across the sea hold that all the fine masterpieces of Italy were built so long ago that modern Italians can claim no share in their creation. It is true that many of the best artistic pieces arose in the period of the Renaissance when such giants as Michaelangelo, Raphael and a host of others were at the very peak of their tremendous powers. (It could be claimed that those days are not so far away that the modern, Italian blood stream has nothing in common with that which existed then.) But here is a modern church, and one of the finest in the world.

Our Lady of Pompeii has been called the eighth wonder of the world. There are many who prefer it to St. Peter's church in Rome. When one stands in the doorway and beholds the mighty sweep of marble from vestibule to main altar, and then, from the main altar to the extreme front of the edifice, one is silenced in wonderment on the ability of man to make such unearthly beauty. It is said that marble from every country of the world was used for walls and pillars; that many of the paintings and mosaics match the best that have ever been produced; that the chapels along the walls (in the places where

we generally have confessionals in America) are gems of architecture in their own right.

The wonder of this church is that it is more than a museum, a temple of Art like the Taj Mahal. True it is that people have come from every land to see it. But people also come from all over Italy in order to do honor to the Mother of God within its unearthly walls. There are as many (if not more) confessionals there as there are pillars. And these confessionals are not mere fixtures. Constantly are they in use, all day long from morning until night. It is reminiscent of Guadalupe in Mexico where the peons, in all the colorful dress of the different parts of the country and with their own songs and dances that have been handed down to them from hundreds of years, come to pray before the miraculous picture of the Blessed Virgin. In the church of Our Lady of Pompeii reparation is being done to God through Mary for the sins of the ancient people of Pompeii. And this reparation is being done in a place most fitting for such a task. The Romans worshipped self and the passions that are a part of self; and from that worship came ugliness. The Italians worship God; and from that worship come forth objects of great beauty.

Thus it is wrong to say that *all* the people of Europe are wicked, decadent and ignorant. An Italian farmer may not know how to run a steam shovel or a motorcycle; he may not even be worried as to whether the plumbing in his house is of the latest fashion or not. But there is a good chance that he may know how to sing with marvelous voice, or paint with wondrous imagination, or design

### The Liguorian

a building that will make the Polo Grounds or the brightly-lighted movie theater downtown look like respective peanut stands. In judging a people it is always wise to decide first what the

standard of judgment will be. If the standard is to be airplane carriers rather than cathedrals, then, naturally, the Italians are slow, decadent and ignorant.

### Song of the Virgin Mother

My soul magnifies the Lord,

and my spirit rejoices in God my Savior;

Because he has regarded the lowliness of his handmaid;

for, behold, henceforth all generations shall call me blessed;

Because he who is mighty has done great things for me,

and holy is his name;

And for generation upon generation is his mercy

to those who fear him.

He has shown might with his arm,

he has scattered the proud in the conceit of their heart.

He has put down the mighty from their thrones,

and has exalted the lowly.

He has filled the hungry with good things,

and the rich he has sent away empty.

He has given help to Israel, his servant,

mindful of his mercy —

Even as he spoke to our fathers —

to Abraham and his posterity forever.



## For Wives and Husbands Only

D. F. Miller

**Problem:** Only recently I have heard of the ceremony called "the churaching of women." I understand it is a blessing that one should receive after giving birth to a child. I am surprised that I have never been told about it before, inasmuch as I have just had my fourth child. Is it of obligation? How and where can it be received?

**Solution:** The ceremony popularly called "churaching" is a very ancient practice in the Catholic Church in which a mother, on her first visit, or one of her first visits, to a church after childbirth, is given a very beautiful blessing by a priest. The official liturgical name for the ceremony is not "churaching," which might give the wrong impression that for some reason or other a woman had to be readmitted to the Church after childbirth, but "the blessing of a woman after childbirth." The blessing has been instituted by the Church that mothers may imitate the Mother of Christ, who presented herself in the temple at Jerusalem after the birth of Jesus. There is no more hint of defilement from childbirth in the offer of this blessing to an ordinary mother than there was in the rite participated in by the Mother of God.

There is no obligation to receive this special blessing. However, it can be given only to lawfully wedded mothers, and must be given in a church or a place being used as a church. This need not be the parish church of the mother, nor is the blessing reserved to the pastor, though it would be most appropriately received in the parish church and from the pastor. A mother whose child died at birth, with or without baptism, may receive the blessing.

The blessing is usually given at the communion railing. There the woman kneels, holding in her hand a lighted candle, while the priest, vested in surplice and white stole, sprinkles her with holy water and recites the twenty-third psalm, repeating before and after it the words: "She shall receive a blessing from the Lord and mercy from God her salvation; because this is the generation of those who seek the Lord." Then the priest extends the end of his stole, which the mother takes in her hand to denote that she is being led into the Church to receive a blessing, and he says: "Enter into the temple of God, and adore the Son of the Blessed Virgin Mary, who has given thee fruitfulness." The woman kisses the stole, and after several other prayers the priest says: "Almighty, eternal God, who through the delivery of the Blessed Virgin Mary hast turned the childbirth pains of Thy faithful into joy, look kindly on this Thy handmaid, who has come to Thy temple joyfully for thanksgiving; and grant that after this life, by the merits and intercession of the same Blessed Mary, she and her offspring may deserve to attain to the joys of eternal blessedness. Through Christ our Lord. Amen." The priestly blessing is then given, while the mother is again sprinkled with holy water. It is customary to make an offering at the time the blessing is given, for use in religious services, in imitation of the Mother of Christ, who brought gifts to the temple when she presented herself.

# "Caedmon, Sing Me Something"

The story of the earliest English poet, and how he sang only for God.

F. A. Brunner

SANCTITY and song go easily together. It is no surprise, then, that the first English poet clearly known to us by name is the Celtic monk, St. Caedmon who, as Venerable Bede tells us in a beautiful passage of his *Ecclesiastical History*, dwelt in the monastery at Whitby in Northumberland in the seventh century.

Whitby. . . Here met the traditions of two cultures, the Celtic and the Roman. St. Paulinus, co-worker with St. Augustine of Canterbury in the mission to the land of Ethelbert of Kent, had come up northward, converted Edwin, a king of Northumbria, in 627, and set up his see at York. But already by 635 St. Aidan the Scot had come down from St. Columcille's monastery of Iona to set up his headquarters in the not distant headland of Lindisfarne. Whitby lay along the coast just northeast of York and not a hundred miles south of Lindisfarne. It lay well within the swirl of the two conflicting and complementing influences, spun about and tossed high by both. The great monastery, known then as Streoneshalh — the Danes a century or two later were to give it the name Whitby — was ruled over at the time by St. Hilda, a great woman "whom all who knew her called 'Mother' because of her singular piety and grace." The abbess was the daughter of Hereric, nephew of King Edwin, and she seems, like her grand-uncle, to have been baptized by St. Paulinus. But it was St. Aidan who set her up in convent life; it was St. Aidan who aided her in the founda-

tion of monasteries on the Wear and at Hertlepool and finally at Streoneshalh or Whitby.

St. Hilda was a remarkable woman. Long before, her mother had fancied in a dream

that she found under her robe a most precious jewel which, when she gazed attentively on it, seemed to glow with such splendor of light that all the coasts of Britain were filled with the beauty of its shining. This dream came true in the daughter of whom we are speaking, whose life was a shining pattern not only to herself but to all who wished to live well.

Under the ruling hand of Hilda the monastery at Streoneshalh — a double monastery of two separate communities of men and women — became very famous. No less than five of its members became bishops, among them St. John of Hexham, and St. Wilfrid of York. Through her influence untold good was wrought for the Anglo-Saxon church, and at her call the great synod or council of Whitby convened in 664. St. Bede, the historian whose narrative we have followed so far, tells us how her fame spread far and wide, reaching out beyond the enclosure of the abbey walls where

she taught the observance of justice, piety, chastity, and other virtues, but above all the keeping of peace and charity, so that, as in the primitive Church, none was rich, none poor, all things were held in common and none had anything as his own. So great was her prudence that not only common people but kings and princes sought counsel of her and found it.

She insisted that Holy Writ be stud-

ied assiduously, as well as the secular scholarship for which the Irish who crossed the sea to teach the English were already so famous. Perhaps it was from the Catholics of Columcille's race that the English culture of vernacular verse and music and heroic lore got its impetus. The Irish genius is for things of the imagination. The Gael expresses his restless and upsurging spirit in fine-wrought poetry. Was it from the monks of Scotland, like Bishop St. Aidan, there came into English song that subjective and lyric influence people have agreed to call Celtic? Whatever we say of this, the fact remains that it was at Streones-halh, where the Columban tutelage was strong and active, that Caedmon the farmhand found his gift of song. Caedmon himself may not have been Teutonic, that is, of the English stock; his name surely is Gaelic, an adaptation of the British Catamanus.

But let us follow St. Bede back to the career of Hilda and the year 670.

In the monastery of this abbess was a certain brother wonderfully gifted and honored by God's grace, because he was in the habit of putting into song things that tended to piety and virtue. Whatever he learned of holy lore through scribes, that he gave forth in a little while with song-speech, with the greatest sweetness and inspiration, well wrought in the English tongue. And through his songs the hearts of many men were often set burning with scorn of the world and with enticement to the heavenly life. And thus, too, many others after him among the English began to make holy songs, but no other could equal him, because he learned songcraft not at all from men but was helped divinely, and by God's gift received the power of song. For that reason he was never able to compose poetry of a light or idle sort, but only what led to piety and it became a godly tongue to sing.

He was a man living the life of a secular until he was well advanced in years,

and he had never learned any songs. For this reason often at the beer-drinking, when it was ruled that for the sake of merriment, all, each in turn, should to the harp, then he arose for shame from the feasting and went home to his house. On one occasion he had done this and had left the house of the beer-drinking and was going out to the cattleshed (the care of the cattle was given him for that night). And when he there at the fitting time laid his limbs on the bed and slept, then stood by him a man in a dream, and hailed him and greeted him and named him by name. "Caedmon, sing me something." Then he answered and said, "I cannot sing; for that reason I came out of the beer-drinking and came hither, because I could not." Then said he that was speaking with him, "But you must sing for me." Said he, "What shall I sing?" Said he: "Sing me the first-shaping." When he received this answer, he began straightway to sing in praise of God the Creator verses and words he had never heard. . . .

Thus, by inspiration of the truest kind, St. Caedmon was able to make his heroic songs.

By a wondrous chance, the original "Hymn" still survives. St. Bede gives us a Latin paraphrase of it, but in several of the manuscripts the scribe inserted the original Northumbrian as a marginal note. It is a very simple piece, of only nine long lines, written in a swinging, lilting measure reminiscent of the old Germanic epics and the sagas of Iceland. The following translation into modern English approximates the strong rhythm of the original and recaptures some of its picturesque vocabulary.

Now we shall praise	the Warder of
	heaven-kingdom,
The Creator's might	and his mind-
	thought,
The work of glory-Father,	how he
	of every wonder
(Eternal Lord)	contrived the begin-
	ning,
He first shaped	for earth's children

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Heaven as a roof,      this holy Creator;  
Then this world      the Warder of man-  
   kind,  
Endless Lord,      afterwards established,  
For peoples the land,      the Ruler al-  
   mighty.

A good deal of this little "hymn," which Caedmon sang in his sleep, consists of metaphorical equivalents of the name "God."

Bede goes on to tell us how St. Caedmon arose from his sleep, still remembering the words he had composed, and how he added others like them.

Then came he in the morning to the town-reeve who was the caldorman, and told him what gift he had received; and he led him straightway to the abbeß and related what he had told him. Then she bade the most learned men and the scholars to be gathered, and had him tell the dream before them and sing that song, that it might be decided by the judgment of all of them, what and whence it was. They all agreed that it was plainly a heavenly gift given by the Lord himself. Then they related and told him a holy story and words of godly teaching and bade him if he could turn that into song, and into the rhythm of verse. When he had heard it, then went he home to his house, and came again in the morning and sang to them a well-wrought poem as they had bidden.

The Abbess Hilda was overcome by the wonder and was glad to receive the gifted man into the monastery where he could be taught so many

holy things for the good of his own soul and the souls of others. These things he carefully studied, "and as a clean beast ruminating he turned it into the sweetest song, and his verses were so winsome to hear that his teachers themselves came to learn and write what he spoke." St. Bede was a careful and exact historian, and he tells us that Caedmon turned into song the story of Genesis and Exodus and many other things from the Old Testament, as well as the life and death of the Saviour, the coming of the Holy Ghost, the teaching of the Apostles, and the terror of the doom to come. But these songs have, to our sorrow, perished in the years. There are several biblical paraphrases amongst the Old English poems extant in the few manuscripts that have survived the ravages of time and the maraudings of the Vikings and the deforming Protestants, but they are probably not his but the work of others who learned his art.

With godly thoughts in his heart and godly songs on his lips, St. Caedmon continued to live the life of a holy lay brother in the monastery at Whitby. Bede closes his narrative with an account of his pious and edifying death, when he "prayed and signed himself with the rood-token of Christ and bowed his head down to the bolster" and so ended his life in peace.

## The Good Wife

The old Puritans had these quaint rules for the selection of a good wife:

"A good wife should be like three things, which three things she should not be like. She should be like a snail, to keep within her house; but should not be like a snail, to carry all she has on her back. She should be like an echo, to answer when she is called; but she should not be like an echo, always to have the last word. She should be like a town clock, always keeping time with regularity; but she should not be like a town clock, speaking so loud as to be heard over all the town."



## Thoughts for the Shut-in

L. F. Hyland

### On Sickness in May

With the least bit of sentiment in his make-up, any shut-in should find great comfort in the joyous realities and associations of the month of May. It is the one month of the year in which it is easiest to hope, easiest to dream, easiest to find reasons for happiness despite the hardships that may have fallen to one's lot.

Fair weather warms the heart during the month of May. The windows can be thrown open to the southern breeze. There is a smell of fresh growing things in the air, and now and then a wave of perfume from lilacs or fruit blossoms. People take to strolling during May, and oftener than usual stop to pass a few moments with a shut-in relative or friend. They bring with them bunches of lilacs or apple blossoms or bouquets of stately tulips or early lilies, and these seem to bring the springtime right into one's room. Depression and discouragement are hard put to resist the warmth and hopefulness of May.

The religious associations of the month are even more heart-warming, for men and women of faith, than the natural and temporal. May is the month of Mary, the Mother of God. Special devotions are held in her honor in almost all Catholic churches. Beautiful processions wind through college and seminary grounds, through churches and chapels, in which her picture or image is carried in honor and crowned with the prettiest flowers of the season, and in which the Mother of God is acclaimed in centuries old songs of exquisite simplicity and beauty. In the memory of such things, if he has ever experienced them, or in the thought of them as the scenes are related to him, the shut-in should find fond sentiments of love for Mary stirring in his heart, and in such sentiments comfort and peace.

The shut-in should ask his relatives or friends to let the whole of May, natural and supernatural, enter his room by placing an altar to the Mother of God there. With its sweet-smelling flowers and bright sprigs of green, it will transport the shut-in to the open fields. With its image of Mary and its inspiration to prayer, it will make him part of the universal devotion of May to the Mother of God.





## Side Glances

By the Bystander

We were making half-hearted dabs at cleaning out some of the files in our office the other day, when we came upon a huge drawer, choked with material, which was labeled: "Press Agents' Handouts." It seems that for a while during the war we had the brave and naïve notion that we would save every piece of propaganda that came to us through the mail. Brave indeed! Had we stuck to the intention, by the end of the war we would have had a bombproof office, with pamphlets and books piled high around every wall as sandbags were piled around banks in Europe.

The fact is, however, that we continued to save press agent handouts only for a time, i.e., until the vast drawer set aside for such material began to bulge. And now we have just wasted a good half day flipping nostalgically through the pages of what missed the wastebasket and the incinerator. An unusual history of the war could be written from documents like these alone. Politics, religion, big business, labor, international relations, high finance—all are represented in brochures, pamphlets, leaflets, open letters, dodgers, and even at times full-sized books. Old controversies that are as dead as yesterday's May flies flutter into fleeting life as one reads the titles and subtitles of these wartime propaganda productions.

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Under the "oratorical questions" department, there are some interesting exhibits. "*After Victory, What?*" appears on the cover of a pretty little booklet put out in 1943, with the subtitle: "An Address by James Madison Wood, President, Stephens College." A peep inside the booklet reveals that President Wood was of the opinion that after victory "the war must go on . . . against the threats and dangers of lassitude, indifference and selfishness." At the end of the speech, probably given at a dinner, the booklet reveals that a Mr. Watson arose and commented as follows: "Dr. Wood has stimulated our thinking. . . ." (Nothing like a good

draught of stimulation now and then.) Apparently, President Wood of Stephens didn't quite settle the problem of "After Victory, What?" because in October, 1944, we find Senator Styles Bridges of New Hampshire delivering a speech to the Illinois Manufacturers' Cost Association in Chicago, which was reprinted and sent to us, in which he asks the question: "*Where Are We Headed?*" The Senator was quite thoroughly convinced at the time (as we find by glancing inside the pamphlet) that we were headed straight into the arms of fascism or communism or maybe both, through the machinations of what he calls the "Hillman Gang" and the C.I.O. But close on the heels of the Senator's bristling speech came a challenging production of the W.C.T.U. entitled "*Will Our Children Forgive Us?*" The answer, given in 32 pages by the president of the W.C.T.U., was No, they won't, unless total abstinence from intoxicating beverages be adopted by the whole country.

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There is a remarkable collection of wartime Americana here from the "Committee for Constitutional Government, Inc.," an organization started by Frank Gannett, owner of a chain of newspapers and violent anti-New Dealer. From the headquarters of the C. for C. G., Inc., must have come a flood of material, because we find stacks and stacks of it in our Press Agents' Handouts drawer. It runs to flaming titles and scary dodgers that make you think of somebody poking you in the ribs and hissing into your ear. "*Pettengill Again Rolls Back the Smoke Screen Over America . . . Shows How the New Deal Is Taking America Into State Socialism.*" The above is a blurb for a 192-page booklet (three copies of which must have been sent to us at different times because there are three copies here), written by Mr. Pettengill and a Mr. Bartholomew, entitled "*For Americans Only.*" The first sentence of the book reads: "This book shows how the New Deal is taking Americans into national socialism"

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—same as Hitler and the Nazi Party. Can you imagine 192 pages of that? Another blurb screams at you: "*The Lawyer's Place in an Upset World—A Great Lawyer's Plea to Bring Into the Open the Truth About the Undermining of Constitutional Freedom.*" Of course, not everything in the drawer is anti-New Deal. There are a few copies of *The Independent*, a propaganda sheet made up in the form of a tabloid "published by the Independent Voters Committee of the Arts and Sciences for Roosevelt." At the bottom of the front page there is a large type notice: "Editors are at liberty to reprint any material contained herein." The kind of thing thus generously offered to needy editors may be gathered from these sour-sounding headlines: "Why Japanese Prefer Dewey," and "Republicans Woo Foreign Born With Whispered False Propaganda." Snuggled up next to a copy of "The Independent," is a scholarly looking booklet with this title and subtitle: "*Let the American People Know—The Story of Finland's Tragic Struggle For Survival and Its Significance For American Foreign Policy.*" At the bottom of the cover, in very small type, is the notice: "Published by Friends of Finland for Dewey." Roosevelt really gets a lacing in this one.

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There isn't a foreign country that isn't represented in our wartime collection of propaganda handouts. "*What About Our Japanese-Americans?*" says a pamphlet put out by the Institute of Pacific Relations. "*Alsace and Lorraine—Forever French*" says another, put out by "the committee for the defense of the rights of Alsace and Lorraine."

And here's a title for you, copied straight from the front cover of a 6½ by 10-inch booklet: "*Help! A Shriill Call From the Atlantic Charter—In the Form of an Open Letter—To Whom It May Concern—With Addenda,*" by John J. Fitzgerald. A glance inside reveals that it is all about Poland and how that country has been let down by the allies.

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Big business did not stop keeping us informed of things about itself during the war. The Standard Oil Company of New Jersey kept a steady flow of aristocratic, unmercenary looking brochures such as the one before us: "*Oil for the World,*" which it calls "a step toward a peaceful and prosperous world." The motion picture companies got together and put out regular booklets telling all about how many actors were entertaining the soldiers and sailors and how many sacrifices were made by movie people in behalf of the bond drives. General Motors sent handouts galore, with page after page of interesting pictures of wartime activities, designed to keep prospective customers in touch with them. The International Harvester Co. did itself proud with a scholarly treatise, done up in an exquisitely printed 110-page book, entitled "*Man and the Soil.*" Somebody kept sending us the "*Journal of Calendar Reform*" right on during the war, and every two days seemed to bring in somebody's speech at some dinner or other that had been hastily cast into type. Thus it was never a mystery to us why there was a shortage of paper during the war.

## Exempli Gratia

Lord Odo Russell, while calling on Bismark, asked him how he managed to get rid of that class of importunate visitors whom he could not well refuse to see but with whom he did not care to spend much time.

"Oh," replied the Chancellor of Germany, "I have a pretty simple method. My wife knows them pretty well, and when she sees that they are with me she usually contrives to come in and call me away upon some pretext or other."

He had scarcely finished speaking when the wife of Bismark put her head in at the door and said:

"Otto, you must come and take your medicine; you ought to have had it ten minutes ago."

Lord Odo Russell instantly left.

## Point of Grammar

It is said that when Cornelius Bliss was a small schoolboy, his teacher once asked him if Jerusalem was a common or a proper noun.

"Neither," replied the smart lad, "it's an ejaculation."



## Catholic Anecdotes

### *Eloquence*

When the great French preacher, Fenelon, was a boy of 15, his father, according to the custom of the times for ambitious young clerics, arranged an oratorical debut for his son, to be held in the presence of many of the lords and ladies of the court of Louis XIV.

When the appointed day and hour came, and all the guests were assembled, the young man failed to put in an appearance. His father was, of course, very much embarrassed, and was about to dismiss the assembly, when suddenly the youth appeared leading a poorly dressed young man by the hand.

"Lords and ladies," he said, "I must beg indulgence for my tardiness, but I will say this, that had the king himself been here, I would have been tardy still. On my way to this hall I saw this poor little Savoyard lying in a corner of the courtyard, half covered with snow. 'What is the matter?' I asked him, as I raised him to his feet. 'I wish I were dead,' was his response. And when I urged him to tell me what had happened to him, he said: 'I am a poor chimney sweep, and my home is in the country. For five years I have been working in Paris, and I have saved five hundred francs. I hid the money beneath a board in the garret in which I live. Yesterday I resolved to take my money

and go home to my family. But when I went to my hiding place, I found all my savings stolen.'"

"Such," went on Fenelon to his audience, "is the story of my poor friend Pierrott. I will give no discourse this morning. Instead I ask you in the name of Christ, father of the poor, consoler of the afflicted, to give your alms for my brother. A piece of silver or gold means little to you; it is much, it is life and happiness, for this child."

Fenelon preached many sermons in his life, but none was more effective than his first. His audience was deeply moved, and the poor chimney sweep went home not with five hundred but five thousand francs.

### *Old Man's Fate*

Abbé Olier, founder of St. Sulpice in Paris, used to gather his early priest companions frequently and exhort them to piety and courage in the work they were beginning.

These meetings took place in a garden house near their monastery, and this garden house was kept and guarded by an old man named Thomas who, with his wife, lived near by. Whenever the meetings of the priests took place, Thomas was sent off. This irked the old man, who had more than his share of native curiosity, and he determined to do a little spying.

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Accordingly, when the next meeting took place, Thomas took up his station secretly with his ear glued to a crack in the door. He was just in time to hear Abbé Olier cry out:

"Too long our cowardice has shrunk from the task. Let us sacrifice the old man without pity, without listening to his murmurs and cries."

Horror-stricken, Thomas waited to hear no more, but rushed to his cottage, crying out to his wife as he came in at the door:

"Pack up, pack up, they are going to murder us!"

The old woman was naturally stupefied at this strange outburst, and she gazed with consternation at her husband as he rushed around the room. Just at that moment Abbé Olier appeared at the door. At this the old man's hair literally stood on end, and he cried out:

"Help! Murderer! Help!"

Abbé Olier was naturally greatly surprised, but he was more greatly amused when he learned how Thomas' curiosity had led him into the mistake of thinking that "sacrificing the old man," a common figure of speech in the ascetical life, referred to himself.

### Signature

The story is told of a well-known Canadian bishop of many years ago, that once when he was crossing the Atlantic a troublesome lady who was on the boat with him succeeded by persistency in getting him to sign his name in her autograph album. He had many titles, but he wrote only his name.

"Oh, good bishop," said the lady, who wanted her friends to know that she could count such a man among her acquaintances, "please write after your name what you are."

The bishop, without a word, took the pen again and wrote under his name the words: "A miserable sinner."

### Visible Proof

The Emperor Napoleon, in the days of his prosperity and earthly glory, thought little of God or of the practice of his religious duties. He was not, however, without faith; and afterward, in the solitude of his captivity at St. Helena, became convinced of the vanity of the world, and returned to the practice of his religion. It happened one day that one of his officers asked him, in a jesting way, how he could believe that there was a God since he had never seen Him.

"Listen, and I will tell you," said Napoleon. "You say that I have a talent for war. When we used to go to battle, if there was any important movement to be made, you were the first to come and look for me, and everyone cried out, 'Where is the Emperor?' And why so? It was because you trusted in my talent, yet you had never seen it. Did you, then, doubt its existence? No. My victories proved that it existed, and hence no one called it in question. But which of my victories could be compared to any of the wonders of creation, which all bear testimony to the existence of God? What military movement can bear any comparison with the movements of the heavenly bodies? My victories made you believe in me: the universe makes *me* believe in God."



## Pointed Paragraphs

### *Renegade*

Recently we met a man who called himself a Catholic in one emphatic breath and in another, no less emphatic, said that he was absolutely opposed to a Catholic school education for his children and would see to it that they had none of it. Why was he opposed to it? Because priests and sisters are entirely too dictatorial in their methods of teaching; they don't leave enough freedom to the children under their care.

We were beholden to the man for doing us a favor; he had picked us up while we were vainly waiting on a street corner for a taxi to take us to a hospital on a sick call. Thus we were with him only about 15 minutes, but during those 15 minutes he who was so offended at the dictatorial methods of priests and sisters did nothing but dictate to us on how we should exercise our ministry. All his sentences began with phrases like these: "The trouble with you priests is—." "What I don't like about priests and sisters is—." "I'll tell you just where you people make your mistake." The thought struck us that this man should have been spending his life giving retreats to priests and sisters; from his own account he could have stepped right out of his car into an episcopal see and do a better job than anyone there before him.

Of course, it was a sad and sickening manifestation of human pride. His chief complaint was that priests

and sisters were so outrageously unwilling to make exceptions to rules and laws for important people like him. And some of the things in which he had been refused exceptions came under the heading of divine law. He didn't like it that his children might be taught the inescapable binding force of Christ's words to His Church: "He that heareth you, heareth Me."

The man said he had four children. We've been unable to get those four children out of our mind. Four more souls lost to the true faith, because of the pride of their father, unless some miracle happens. Four innocent children now, who will never share the inheritance of truth which their father has already rejected. The father's parting shot was: "None of this Notre Dame college spirit for my boys. I'm teaching them to root for the State University, that's where they're going when they grow up." In this case, Notre Dame was truly a symbol. A symbol of rejected faith by one who still wore it like a mask.

### *Answer to Critic*

A recent letter to the editor takes exception to the article by L. M. Merrill of some months ago, entitled "Farewell to Strikes." The critic presents the following bill of complaints:

1. It is silly to suggest, as L. M. Merrill does, that Catholic workingmen read the social encyclicals because 1) Catholic workingmen are not that interested in social justice, and

2) they could not understand the encyclicals if they were.

2. It is just as silly to suggest that Catholics join an association of Catholic Trade Unionists. (No reason given.)

3. There is nothing wrong in the action of an employer who prevents his employes from forming a union if he is paying them a living wage. Indeed, says the critic, it would be wrong for anyone in such an employer's plant to agitate for a union.

4. The clergy, instead of telling workmen to come to them for advice, should come to the aid of the workingman. They do not do so because they have little interest in the workingman.

5. In conclusion, L. M. Merrill's article is just a gentle admonition to "love your neighbor as yourself." This is "utopian," says the critic, which means an impossible command.

In answer to these statements, L. M. Merrill has submitted the following statements:

1. If all Catholic workingmen are not interested enough in social justice to do a little reading on the subject (the two encyclicals of Popes Leo XIII and Pius XI can be read in a couple of hours at most) then the Catholic Church has already lost the battle with Communism. Ordinary, ignorant Communists are made to read (and they do read) the ponderous, mystifying, illogical writings of Karl Marx and his associates; Catholics have the answer to all this foolishness in the encyclicals. True, the not too well educated workingman may not understand all that the Popes say at one reading, but he will understand enough to make it worth his while, and to make him seek an understanding of more.

2. The fact that there are flourishing associations of Catholic Trade Unionists in most of the large cities of the United States today would seem to be an answer to the charge that it is silly to suggest that workingmen join such associations. These associations have given all labor its most respectable and articulate representation for the past several years.

3. The Catholic employer, no matter what wages he pays, cannot be justified in blocking efforts of his employes to form a union, because forming a union is a natural right, and even in a company that pays good wages, may be necessary to safeguard the future of the workingmen. If only paternalistic employers would realize that they are not going to live forever, they would not be so averse to the eagerness of their employes to be represented in the councils of the concern.

4. It is hard to make out what our critic means in his fourth objection. He says that the clergy, instead of telling workingmen to come to them for advice, should help the workingman. How help him? By going to the factory with him and doing part of his job? By teaching him new tricks of his trade? Or by just giving him money? We suspect that this last is largely in the mind of the critic. We always get back to the clergy and money. But we happen to know about 1000 priests and bishops, and we know that they give more to the poor than any other class of people in the world. We also know that it is the clergy's job to teach justice, to promote justice, to suffer for justice, and many a priest is teaching, promoting and suffering for justice today.

5. After all his objections, our critic says that we have only given a gentle



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reminder, in our article, of the admonition: Love your neighbor as yourself. That's right, that's all we have done. And we do not believe it utopian advice. Hundreds, both of employers and employees, have been trying to put it into practice, and more are joining their ranks every day.

### *At Last — The Truth!*

No good American can seriously doubt that one of the best things that has happened in international circles since the Civil War in Spain is the fact that Russia has been recently tipping her hand so obviously that many of her previously duped devotees are at last disgustedly protesting. Her course of empire-building, small-nation-controlling, and Communism-spreading has finally been recognized and rightly named by many who used to search dictionaries for euphemisms with which to make Russia appear innocent and altruistic. Now that practically all fascism outside of Russia has come to an end, people are waking up to the fact that the worst fascism of all is to be found in Russia.

It is all to the good that the following facts are now being recognized:

1. Russia is not a democratic nation. She is ruled by a dictator who permits no freedom of speech, no freedom of religion, no freedom of suffrage.

2. Russia's Communist dictators have not given up the plot to undermine the governments of other nations and to incite their people to revolt in favor of Communism. They maintain paid agents in every country working to this end, and will use the very privileges of democracy to promote their fascist and tyrannical aims.

3. Russia's dictators fear the bright light of publicity on the condition of their own nation, and also of the nations under their control, and therefore permit no foreign journalists nor even visitors to go where they please and see what they wish.

4. Russia's dictators have been guilty of as much aggression against smaller nations as Hitler was in his entire career.

5. Russia's dictators do not believe in a moral code.

### *St. Malachy and the Popes*

According to the very learned people who have gone very deeply into the affair, St. Malachy's prophecy on future Popes was not written by St. Malachy at all, and should be dismissed as a stupid forgery.

Somehow or other, however, the rest of the Catholic world does not seem very eager to "dismiss" St. Malachy and his prophecy. It always keeps cropping up again, and not invariably among only the ignorant and the superstitious. For the prophecy of St. Malachy may indeed be a forgery, but in its characterizations of the last six Popes it is anything in the world but "stupid." Pius IX, who had more grief and heartaches in his long pontificate than any other Pope, is called *Crux de Cruce*,—"Cross upon Cross"! Leo XIII, whose great mind and whose magnificent Encyclicals have lighted the way to a new resurrection of Catholic influence in the world, is *Lumen in Coelo*,—"Light on High." Pius X, the saintly Pontiff of early Communion for the children and frequent Communion for all, is *Ignis Ardens*,—"Burning Fire." Benedict XV, the Pope of World War I, is *Religio Depopulata*,—"Depopulated Religion." Pius XI, the in-

trepid champion of the Church against Stalin, Hitler, and Mussolini, is *Fides Intrepida*, — "Intrepid Faith." And Pius XII is *Pastor Angelus*, — "Pastor and Angel."

These six Popes cover the last century, for Pius IX was elected just one hundred years ago, in 1846. According to St. Malachy, there are only six more Popes to come before the end of the world, — unless there is a great space between the second last one he gives and the last, — and some say this is the case. At any rate, here are the six Popes left in St. Malachy's prophecy: *Pastor et Nauta* (Pastor and Sailor); *Flos Florum* (Flower of the Flowers); *De Medietate Lunae* (Of the Half Moon); *De Labore Solis* (Of the labor of the Sun); *Gloriae Olivae* (Of the Glory of the Olive); then, says, St. Malachy: "In the last persecution of the Holy Roman Church *Peter the Roman* will occupy the see. He will pasture his sheep in many tribulations, after which one of the seven hills will be destroyed, and he will preach to his people with pastoral affection in the midst of awful events."

### Mother-Daughter Wrangle

It will be agreed upon by most people that the uncomplimentary exchanges recently bandied back and forth between Gloria di Cicco Stokowski and her mother through the medium of the press constituted a particularly unsavoury mess. The fact that the exchange was catty was perhaps not so unusual, but in many quarters the mother-child relationship is still held in some reverence, and name-calling between parent and offspring strikes an unpleasant dissonance of its own in the ear of the casual observer.

Of course, everyone today is familiar with the story of the much-millioned Gloria. Let her so much as smile at her spare chauffeur and the panting reporters are at hand to relay the item to a waiting world. Not so many years ago the dailies smacked their presses over the running court battle in which Gloria's mother was finally adjudged unfit to govern her daughter. Next the front pages edified us with a running account of Pat di Cicco's nightclub courtship of the girl, complete with pictures, and culminating, as we remember it, with the handsome young husband being thoroughly chilled one night by the fist of an unknown Texan out to prove that a millionaire was as susceptible to a right cross as anyone else. Romance apparently fled out the window at this point, for the reading public was next treated to an account of how Gloria had left No. 1 behind, and had now found true romance with No. 2 in the person of the venerable and white-haired Mr. Leopold Stokowski.

Up to this point Gloria, out of pure generosity, had been allotting to her mother some \$22,000 a year, thus discharging with statistical competence her debt to the one who had first put her in the way of inheriting her collection of banks and railroads. But Gloria's mother began to complain that this sum was not sufficient to keep her in her accustomed elegance, and when the remarks of the good lady grew shrill and even strident, Gloria's gorge rose at such base ingratitude on the part of her parent, and she promptly cut the latter off without a penny, thus bringing her to the brink of a nervous breakdown at the thought of having to take up some form of gainful labor. At the

last writing, Gloria's mother was still declaring herself speechless at this outrage, and the 22-year-old Gloria was throwing the ball back as fast and hard as she received it.

The whole affair is, as we have said, a particularly unsavoury and sordid mess. It is a sad commentary on the results of lack of parental responsibility in bringing up a child, and a proof that the sins of parents in this regard come back upon their own heads. But it is also a picture of unalloyed selfishness on the part of a child who can not only kick her mother out on the street, but with complete heartlessness discuss the whole business before the world.

In *The World, The Flesh and Father Smith* Bruce Marshall has his hero remark that in his opinion the rich will be punished in hell by being forced to do the same things for a million years that they had done on earth. If that should turn out to be true of Gloria and her mother, it is certainly another reason for striving mightily to stay out of the general area in which they may find themselves after this life.

### ***Famine Fighting***

It was a criticism often made of American servicemen during the war that while they had little concern and regard for idealism in the abstract, they could seldom resist appeals to their charity in the concrete. The same soldier who sat through lectures on international friendship with bored nonchalance was quick to pity and help the little enemy waifs who stood outside the camp areas and looked wistfully at the long mess-lines.

The American people as a whole seem to have the same attitude, as witness the loud cries of annoyance on

the part of many when the matter of feeding the distressed peoples of Europe is discussed. That there is near starvation in the parts of the world devastated by the war is an admitted fact. The Pope has spoken of the "sinister shadow of famine that rests on at least a quarter of the entire population of the globe." Mr. Herbert Hoover's findings as he visits one country after another are equally gloomy. It is an impending tragedy a thousand times worse than such local catastrophes as the destruction of a city by earthquake or a flood on the Ohio or Mississippi. In the case of these latter events, the imagination of Americans is fired, and everyone is eager to help either with their substance or even their personal labor. Yet the former and so much greater need leaves many of us cold.

"Charity seeketh not her own," wrote St. Paul, and the text seems appropriate in this case. There is a certain natural reward in helping the man that lives next door to us in his misfortunes, and in seeing his dependence upon us. But our charity, to be truly Christ-like, must extend to a wider context; it must extend not only to our immediate neighbors, but to people that live 10,000 miles away; it must include not only friend, but enemy. Christ Himself set the example of this, and He made it the test of those who call themselves His followers.

If sacrifices must continue to be made in order to meet the demands of this charity, let them be made cheerfully. It is to our interest to make them, for, to quote the Holy Father again: "The present threat of famine is a common danger which should draw together all the peoples—and leave behind it all differences."



# Liguoriana



EXCERPTS FROM THE WRITINGS OF ST. ALPHONSUS

*Selected and Edited by J. Schaefer*

## History of Heresies

### Chapter III. Heresies of the Third Century

#### *Praxeas:*

A Phrygian by birth, Praxeas was at first a Montanist, but later, becoming an enemy of Montanus, contrived to have him condemned by Pope Zephyrinus, meanwhile cleverly concealing his own heresy. When he himself was detected in heresy, Praxeas at first retracted; but he soon began to spread error openly. He denied the mystery of the Trinity, recognizing only one person and one nature in God, whom he called the Father. It was this one person who descended into the womb of the Virgin and at his birth was given the name, Jesus Christ. Hence, in the judgment of this impious man, the Father died. Because of this error the disciples of Praxeas came to be known as the "Patripassionists." Tertullian wrote a complete book, entitled *Against Praxeas* to combat his errors.

More notable among the disciples of Praxeas were Berillus, Noetus, and Sabellius. Berillus, Bishop of Bostra in Arabia, at one time claimed that Christ was not a divine Person before the Incarnation, but that He received the divinity of the Father when He became incarnate. Early historians narrate that Origen, who refuted the error of Berillus, later won him back to the Catholic faith. Noetus obstinately professed and taught that the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost are one person and an indi-

vidual God. With his followers he was cast out of the Church, and after his death the faithful refused to carry his body to its burial place.

The most celebrated proponent of this error of Praxeas was Sabellius. A native of Ptolomais in Libya, Sabellius lived in the year 257. After a time the pupil became more famous than the master, for the followers of the sect soon came to be known as "Sabellians." Denying the distinction of the three Divine Persons in the Trinity, Sabellius taught that these were merely three names of God designed to express the different attributes of the Divinity. He explained the mystery of the Trinity by comparing it to the sun in which can be distinguished the rays, the heat, and the figure itself containing all. Thus the rays signified the Son, the heat referred to the Holy Ghost, and the figure, or body, of the sun indicated the Father, who contained in His one person both the Son and the Holy Ghost.

#### *Paul of Samosata:*

A poor man before being raised to the episcopacy of Antioch, Paul of Samosata enriched himself by embezzlement, sacrilege, the misuse of justice, and feigned promises. He became so insatiably proud and vain that he would never appear in public unless he were accompanied by a crowd of courtiers and several hun-

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dred servants. In his sermons he sought his own glory alone, and went so far as not merely to rebuke, but even to strike those who did not praise him. And such was his greed for glory that he allowed a group of free young women to sing hymns and songs in his honor in church. His character degenerated and he became such a lover of women that he would never be without their company.

But all of these crimes the impious Bishop merely added to the greater one of heresy. At first he even denied that Jesus Christ had ever existed before He was born of a Virgin; he therefore considered Christ as a mere man. He also taught that in Jesus Christ there are two Persons and two Sons of God, one the natural, and the other the adoptive Son of God. He rejected the mystery of the Trinity, contending that there is only one divine Person, the Father, and that it was He who was born, suffered, and died. Paul's disciples even incorporated these errors into a profession of faith and a formula of baptism.

### *Manes:*

The originator of the sect of Manicheans, Manes assumed this name (meaning "the good one") because he considered himself a divine legate, as well as to conceal his mean birth. He was a Persian servant, whom a foolish old woman had freed from slavery, adopted, and endeavored to educate. He was not, however, a very proficient pupil. And so, with more boldness than learning, he conceived the idea of founding a new sect and set about to carry out his resolve.

With great diligence he took up the study of magic. And in order to make himself famous he undertook to cure the son of the king of the Persians, whose life had been despaired of by

physicians. But the child died while Manes was holding him in his arms, vainly performing his incantations over him. Manes was cast into prison and would have been put to death had not a guard accepted his bribe and allowed him to flee. But after a period of wandering he finally fell into the hands of the king who commanded that he be flayed alive. His body was then thrown to wild beasts and his skin was hung over the gates of the city—thus did the impious Manes meet his end. He left many followers, however, St. Augustine in his youth being numbered among them. But later in his life the Saint rejected and bitterly opposed the sect.

The following are the principal errors of the Manicheans. They held for a number of gods, admitting two principles, one of good and the other of evil. They also claimed that there are two souls in man: one, an evil soul, formed along with the body by the evil principle; the other, a good soul, created by the good principle, eternal and possessing the same nature as God. Rejecting all liberty, they contended that man's will is always subject to some irresistible force. They denied that baptism is necessary for salvation, and hence baptized no one. In addition to their other errors, and the disgustingly lustful life which they led, the Manicheans held bodies to be the product of the evil principle. They therefore denied that Jesus Christ assumed a body like unto ours.

The Manicheans spread over practically the whole world. And though they were condemned by many Popes and persecuted by many emperors—by Diocletian, Gratian, Theodosius, and especially by Justin and Justinian who burned them alive in Armenia—they still survived many centuries.



Conducted by T. Tobin, C.Ss.R.

## CATHOLIC AUTHORS

### Mary Perkins 1912-

#### 1. Life:

On April the tenth, 1912, Mary Perkins was born in Boston. Her early education was received in the public schools of Boston. The high school training was given by the Madames of the Sacred Heart. In the school year of 1927-28 Miss Perkins attended the Convent of the Sacred Heart in London. The Manhattanville College of the Sacred Heart awarded her the degree of bachelor of arts in 1932. After graduation Miss Perkins spent a short while at a secretarial college. From 1933 until 1934 she was secretary of the newly established American branch of the Sheed and Ward publishing house. Now Miss Perkins is Mrs. Ryan and makes her home in Boston.

#### 2. Writings:

Miss Perkins is known as the author of books of Catholic information. She tells us that her intention "is to do anything that I can to clear away the misunderstanding and prejudice and lack of information which keep so many Catholics away from the fullness of life in the Church which is their inheritance." She has found untold richness in the doctrine and practice of the Church and has decided to share that knowledge with others. Father Leonard Feeney, S.J., has directed Miss Perkins in her work as a Catholic author.

In the past eight years Miss Perkins has written three books. Her best known book, *At Your Ease in The Catholic Church* will be described later. Her interest in the litur-

gical movement has led to the publication of her other two books. Miss Perkins felt that some acquaintance with the official language of Catholic worship would make for a better understanding and more active participation in the liturgical functions by the laity. *Your Catholic Language* is a simple introduction to the rudiments of the language used by the Church. It explains the elements of the grammar and syntax in a way that the average layman can understand. Her third book, *Speaking of How to Pray* is an explanation of the theology and practice of prayer. *Speaking of How to Pray* is really a profound book written by one who has tried to popularize the Catholic Theology of prayer.

#### 3. The Book:

During a period of convalescence and rest Father Feeney suggested that she write a book about the little points of Catholic etiquette. Miss Perkins acted on the suggestion and wrote her first book, *At Your Ease in the Catholic Church*. It is a source of practical information that Catholics will be glad to know. It is not a book of Catholic doctrine but of Catholic practice. It aims at making every Catholic feel at home precisely because he knows how to act in the various circumstances of his Catholic life. Hints for the practical use of the sacraments, information on the training and proper manner of addressing the hierarchy, explanation of the liturgical seasons are some of the points that will help Catholics feel *At Ease in the Catholic Church*.



## May Book Reviews

### *Precursor of Fatima*

The recent happenings at Fatima have turned the attention of the Catholic world to this small section in Portugal. John Mathias Haffert has written the story of one who taught and lived the same message brought to Fatima by our Lady. Blessed Nuno was the warrior-saint who earned the title of *The Peacemaker* (Scapular Press, 224 pp., \$2.50). In the fourteenth century when Portugal was trying to gain independence from Castile, Don Nuno was the hero who by force of arms and prayer freed his country as a separate nation. His life was dedicated to making his Lady the Queen of Portugal. His successes in battle were due to the great confidence he placed in the Rosary and the Scapular. After Portugal had won liberty Nuno retired to the Carmelite monastery that he built. There he remained as a lay brother with simple vows so that he could at a moment's notice leave the cloister to fight against the enemies of his country. Underneath his habit he wore his armor as a warning to all the enemies of Portugal. Nuno has remained the national hero and saint of Portugal since the time of his death. In 1918 Pope Benedict XV declared Nuno Blessed. In 1917 the Blessed Mother had appeared to three children in the territory that once belonged to Nuno and repeated his constant message that devotion to her could alone save the world. The narrative is recorded in a simple lively style that makes for easy reading.

### *The Children of Fatima*

Mary Fabyan Windeatt has taken up the modern story of the appearances of our Lady at Fatima. *The Children of Fatima* (Grail Press, 144 pp., \$2) tells the story of Lucia, Francisco, and Jacinta. During World War I the Blessed Mother made several appearances to these three children. Her concern was to win the world back to her Son. She said that the world would be saved if it were consecrated to her Immaculate Heart. Another and greater war would break out if men did not pray and do penance. In the end Russia would be converted. Miss Windeatt has told this tale for children. She has lived up to the usual high standard set by her previous books.

### *The Litanies*

For some time the poet, Benjamin Francis

Musser, has been collecting the various litanies that are in use among the Catholic faithful. A plea in *America* brought many additions to his own discoveries. From the almost three hundred that are known to him, he has published two hundred of them under the title, *Kyrie Eleison* (Newman, 300 pp., \$2.50). The introduction is a scholarly study of the use of litanies in the Eastern and Western Church. The two hundred litanies are in honor of the Three Persons of the Blessed Trinity, the Blessed Mother, and the saints. Some of the litanies are prayers for certain conditions or circumstances of life. The author is careful to note that only five of these litanies are approved for public use. Many of the prayers are those in private use among the various religious orders in honor of their founders or patron saints. Mr. Musser has himself written or adapted 36 litanies in this collection. *Kyrie Eleison* is a work of scholarship revealing the religious soul of the compiler.

### *Mariology*

One of the greatest theologians of the nineteenth century was Rev. Matthias Joseph Scheeben. His studies on the relationship between nature and grace have exerted a wide influence on the Catholic world. His large work of *Dogmatic Theology* has also had great popularity. Rev. T. L. M. J. Geukers has translated from the Flemish the treatise on *Mariology* (Herder, 252 pp., \$2.50) found in his dogmatic theology. Scheeben felt that the role of Mary warranted a larger place in dogmatic theology than that given it in many manuals. Scheeben places the bridal motherhood of Mary as the basic principle of Marian theology. Mary was not only the Mother of Christ, but also at the same time His bride. From this twofold relation to Christ flow the prerogatives of Mary. Father Scheeben presents the sources of our knowledge of Mary as found in the Old and New Testament, tradition, and the writings of the saints and theologians. In the second part of the book the Christological foundations of Marian theology are traced. The third part treats of the basic principles of the doctrine concerning Mary. This is an excellent book for the theologian. It is not a ready reference book for sermon material. Priests will enjoy this treatise from the pen of one of the masters of sacred science.

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### *The Sacrifice of the Mass*

The relationship between the Last Supper and the Sacrifice of the Cross has long been one of the highly disputed points in theology. In recent years the works of Father de la Taille, S.J., have called forth a large literature in attack upon or defense of his theory. The Australian missionary, Father M. D. Forrest, M.S.C., has given us an explanation of *The Clean Oblation* (Radio Replies, 214 pp., \$2.75). These articles appeared originally in the pages of *Emmanuel*. The author maintains that there were really two sacrifices. "The Last Supper was a complete (unbloody) sacrifice, as Calvary was a complete (bloody) sacrifice. The one supreme Sacrifice of Redemption offered on the cross has its sacramental replica in the Supper and in the Mass" (page 29). The first part of the book is taken up with the examination and evaluation of the various opinions concerning the personal sacrifice of Christ. The next section is given over to the explanation of Christ's sacrifice through the priest at holy Mass. The last section considers the fruits of the Sacrifice of the Mass. Father Forrest has written a scholarly exposition of the Sacrifice of Christ at the Last Supper, on the Cross and on our altars. Priests and religious will derive instruction and profit from *The Clean Oblation*.

### *Arnold Lunn and Popular Apologetics*

The modern world has become bankrupt of spiritual and moral values precisely because it has abandoned the Christian religion that formed the basis of Western civilization. Men no longer have faith in the most fundamental truth of the Christian religion, the Divinity of Christ. Arnold Lunn has written a book to prove that on *The Third Day* (Newman, 177 pp., \$2.75) Christ rose from the dead. The Resurrection of Christ is the great proof that He was God. In a brilliant introduction Mr. Lunn summarizes the religious condition of man in modern times. Despair is the keynote of man's attitude to the world and world peace. In the chapters of the book Lunn provides a reasonable basis for the return to belief in the Divinity of Christ. The approach to the problem is in conformity with the strict demands of the scientific code. First, the possibility of miracles cannot be denied by science or philosophy. Then Lunn shows that miracles have actually taken place, especially at Lourdes. The authenticity of the Gospels is shown by

both historical and internal evidence. Finally the author examines the proof contained in the Gospels for the Resurrection, and refutes the various hypotheses advanced to explain away the Resurrection.

This is an ideal book of Catholic apologetics. The Truth defended is the basic one on which all Christianity depends. The treatment manifests scholarship and learning. Above all, it is down to the level of the ordinarily intelligent man or woman. *The Third Day* is required reading for Catholics who are interested in establishing the rational basis for their faith.

### *The Mystical Life*

Dr. Pascal P. Parente of the Catholic University has added a companion volume to his earlier book, *The Ascetical Life*. In his second book the author treats of *The Mystical Life* (Herder, 272 pp., \$2.50). Part one outlines the general principles that govern the higher form of Christian life. Mysticism is defined only after an historical inquiry into the ancient mystic cults and rites. Mysticism is always found in connection with mysteries. The second part deals with the various states and degrees of the spiritual life on the mystical plane. In the last section various mystical phenomena are examined and explained. Of particular interest is the account of two modern stigmatics, Theresa Neumann and Padre Pio, the Capuchin priest. Padre Pio is the first priest who has ever been favored with the gift of the stigmata. Dr. Parente gives a short outline of the basic Catholic doctrine on the higher states of the Christian life. In treating the question of the universal call to infused contemplation the author shows great moderation. The desire for the gift of infused contemplation is surrounded by the wise precautions of Christian humility and resignation. Priests who are called to direct souls and religious will find this book a clear and balanced account of *The Mystical Life*.

### *The Madonna in Art*

The Barton-Cotton Co. of Baltimore has issued in full color 17 copies of the Madonna painted by the old masters. The selection gives a fine range of different schools of painting. Each picture has a brief appreciation of the qualities of the artist. The publishers promise more pictures if the public receives this first volume of *The Madonna in Art* as something it desires. The tints are beautifully reproduced in this small collection of masterpieces.

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# Motion Picture Guide

The following films have been rated as unobjectionable by the board of reviewers:

## **UNOBJECTIONABLE FOR GENERAL PATRONAGE**

### **Reviewed This Week**

Hotel Reserve  
Make Mine Music  
Our Heart Were Growing Up  
Thunder Town

### **Previously Reviewed**

Adventure for Two  
Ambush Trail  
Bad Bascom  
Bad Man's Territory  
Bandit of Sherwood Forest  
Battle for Music  
Bells of St. Mary's, The  
Blazing the Western Trail  
Blondie's Lucky Day  
Border Bandits  
Burma Victory  
Caravan Trail  
Code of the Lawless  
Daltons Ride Again, The  
Days of Buffalo Bill  
Devotion  
Ding Dong Williams  
Enchanted Forest, The z z z z z  
Flaming Bullets  
Follow That Woman  
Frontier Feud  
Frontier Gunlaw  
Gay Blades  
Gay Cavalier, The  
Gentleman With Gun  
Green Years, The  
Hit the Hay  
Hot Cargo  
Johnny Comes Flying Home  
Johnny in the Clouds  
Junior Prom  
Lightning Raiders  
Marie-Louise  
Miss Susie Slagle's  
Moon Over Montana  
Navajo Kid  
Northwest Trail  
Outlaws of the Rockies  
Out of the Depths  
Partners in Time  
Prairie Rustlers  
Pursuit to Algiers  
Red Dragon  
Rhythm Round-Up  
Roaring Rangers  
Romance of the West  
Rough Riders of Cheyenne  
See My Lawyer  
Senorita from the West  
Shadow Returns, The  
Six Gun Man  
So Goes My Love  
Song of Arizona

Song of Old Wyoming  
South of the Rio Grande  
Sunbonnet Sue  
Sunset in El Dorado  
Terror by Night  
Texas Panhandle  
They Were Expendable  
Tokyo Rose  
Up Goes Maisie  
Virginian, The  
Walk in the Sun, A  
Wanderer of the Wasteland  
What Next Corporal Hargrove?

## **UNOBJECTIONABLE FOR ADULTS**

### **Reviewed This Week**

Bamboo Blonde  
Dark Corner, The  
Strange Conquest  
Talk About a Lady

### **Previously Reviewed**

Abilene Town  
Allotment Wives  
Because of Him  
Bedlam  
Behind Green Lights  
Black Market Babies  
Blonde Alibi  
Blue Dahlia, The  
Breakfast in Hollywood  
Catman of Paris, The  
Cinderella Jones  
Close Call for Boston Blackie, A  
Colonel Bilmpp  
Come Out Fighting  
Conflict  
Cornered  
Crime Doctor's Warning  
Crime of the Century  
Crimson Canary, The  
Dakota  
Danger Signal  
Deadline at Dawn  
Detour  
Dick Tracy  
Don't Fence Me In  
Dragonwyck  
Falcon's Alibi, The  
Fear  
Game of Death, A  
Genius at Work  
Great John L., The  
Gun Town  
Guy Could Change, A  
Harvey Girls, The  
Hold That Blonde  
Hoodlum Saint, The  
House of Horrors  
Idea Girl  
I'll Remember April

I Ring Doorbells  
It Happened at the Inn (French)  
Journey Together  
Just Before Dawn  
Kid from Brooklyn, The  
Kiss and Tell  
Last Chance, The  
Leave Her to Heaven  
Letter for Evie, A  
Little Giant, The  
Live Wires  
Lost Weekend, The  
Love, Honor and Goodbye  
Madonna of the Seven Moons  
Madonna's Secret, The  
Man Alive  
Meet Me on Broadway  
Murder in the Music Hall  
Muhder Is My Business  
My Name Is Julia Ross  
My Reputation  
Night Editor  
Notorious Lone Wolf  
One Way to Love  
Pardon My Past  
People Are Funny  
Perilous Holiday  
Portrait of Maria  
Prison Ship  
River Boat Rhythm  
River Gang  
San Antonio  
Sentimental Journey  
Shadow of Terror  
Shady Lady  
She Went to the Races  
Shock  
Smooth as Silk  
Spanish Main, The  
Spellbound  
Spider, The  
Spider Woman Strikes Back, The  
Spiral Staircase, The  
Stolen Life  
Stork Club, The  
Strange Impersonation  
Strangler of the Swamp  
Strange Mr. Gregory, The  
Swing Parade of 1946  
Tars and Spars  
Tarzan and the Leopard Woman  
They Made Me a Killer  
This Love of Ours  
To Each His Own  
Tomorrow Is Forever  
Too Young to Know  
Truth About Murder, The  
Two Sisters from Boston  
Vacation from Marriage  
Voice of the Whistler, The  
Waltz Time  
Well-Groomed Bride, The  
Woman Who Came Back, The  
Yank in London, A  
Yolanda and the Thief  
Young Widow